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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Morn.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

The winds came up from the restless sea,
And landward flew o'er the darkened lea.

To the rosy flush in the eastern sky,
They whispered low as they passed by.

With restless wings they floated on,
And in the trail came rosy Morn.

O'er ocean's rocks at last they stray'd,
And sunbeams on their surface play'd.

They came along o'er the meadow fair,
And the lark flew up in the morning air.

The farm-house next, was left a-rear,
And hoarse sang out brave Chanticleer.

They wandered through the forest deep,
And woke the Wood-bird from her sleep.

They brushed along the mountain's crest,
And woke the eagle in her nest.

They passed the church-yard with a sigh
And whispered, "not yet in silence lie?"

The sun came up from its ocean bed,
And Nature roused its drowsy head.

Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

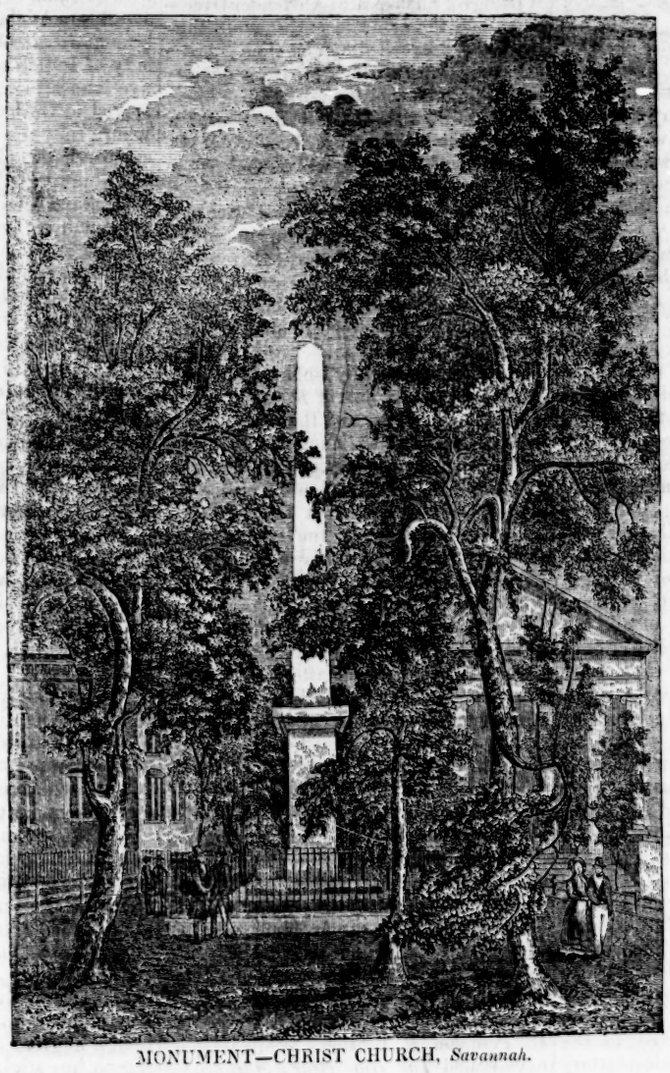
SECOND PAPER.—Concluded.

THE victory was now regarded as certain; but the carnage had only commenced, and many were doomed yet to bleed. Majoribanks, with his three hundred Spartans, was now ordered up to the conflict, and was making considerable havoc with the Americans. Col. Washington, with the reserve and Col. Hampton with his corps, were ordered to dislodge him. Without waiting for Hampton and dividing his cavalry into sections, Washington attempted the daring enterprise; but it was a fatal move, for the thicket in which Majoribanks had been posted was so densely covered with rugged blackjacks and tangled undergrowth that it was impervious to cavalry. Thus brought within range of the enemy's fire, a terrible volley from behind the thicket emptied a dozen of saddles, and many of his brave men, including every officer except two, were laid in the dust. Washington's horse was shot under him, he himself was severely bayonetted; and in a moment he would have been cruelly sacrificed, if an officer had not kindly interposed and taken him prisoner. Of that noble corps, one half were killed or wounded, and its commander lost to the service. Hampton, having now come up, received and collected the fugitives; and Kirkwood, with his Delawares, fell upon Majoribanks with such force and obstinacy, that he was driven from his position. The whole British lines were now flying in disorder, and Majoribanks fell back to cover their retreat. Leaving their tents with all they contained, many fled along the Charleston road and others fled for present safety to the brick house which commanded the open ground, and of which Maj. Sheridan had taken possession. Majoribanks, who had halted behind the palisades of the garden with his right on the Eutaw Creek, still presented a compact front, and Capt. Coffin, with his cavalry, took post in the road below to cover the British left. On this retreat more than three hundred prisoners and two pieces of artillery were taken by the Americans. Lieut. Duval who had fought so bravely in the *posse* at Ninety Six, leaped on one of these pieces, and waving his hat, gave three hearty cheers, when a ball from a retreating soldier laid him on the ground, and he expired in a few minutes. Although the British had fled, except two or three small corps, the victory was not complete; for Majoribanks was still at the garden; a considerable number of Cruger's New York volunteers, under Maj. Sheridan, were in the brick house; and Stuart was rallying the fugitives a little below on the Charleston road. The Americans, instead of dislodging Majoribanks and driving the enemy entirely from the field, ceased all further effort, in a vain confidence that the conflict was over, and gave themselves up to plundering and eating and drinking in the tents. Many became intoxicated, and others by eating and drinking cold water to excess, were utterly incapacitated for exertion. Irretrievable confusion was the consequence, and before order could be restored, the British were advancing to regain their lost advantage. A heavy fire was poured from the house upon those who were revelling in the British camp; and, at the same time, Majoribanks emerged from his covert upon the right, and Coffin, on the left of the disordered Americans; but Lee and his legion had not so recklessly given a loose reign to appetite; and so closely did they press upon the enemy who were entering the house that the Americans were excluded after a hard scuffle, only by shutting the door on them.

In thus excluding the Americans they shut out several of their own men, and among them two or three officers, who were, of course, made prisoners, and then used as a defence against the fire from the house. Among them was a Maj. Barre, secretary to Col. Balfour, in Charleston and a self-important little concern, something of wit and much of a lady's man, who fell into the hands of Lieut. Manning of the 'legion.' When the balls were flying thick around him and it was "neck or nought," Manning felt no scruple of conscience whatever in seizing Barre, hoisting him on his shoulders, and, by turning round, with his back to the house, using him as a shield of protection. Barre, not relishing such unceremonious treatment, and as a reason why more respect should be shewn him, began to enumerate his titles,—"I am Henry Barre, sir. I am deputy-adjutant of the British army; a Captain in his Majesty's 52d regiment; Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston," &c. "Very good, sir, very good. You are just the man I want, and I am happy of your acquaintance. You need have no apprehension; for I will try to take care of you and myself too." Thus protected, with the little dapper Major on his back, the lieutenant held on to his captive and made good his retreat.

Here was really the turning point in the battle, and the victory, which had been fairly won, was now lost by the reckless imprudence of the men. The British marksmen, in the windows of the house, were thinning the officers; Stuart had rallied all his men who were within reach; and Majoribanks supported by Coffin's cavalry, was watching his opportunity to rush upon them.

Conscious of his danger, Greene ordered the legion cavalry to disperse the command of Coffin, and the artillery of the second line, which had not been dismounted, together with the two six-pounders, which the enemy had abandoned in their flight to be brought forward, for the purpose of battering the house, but, unfortunately, such was the ardor of those who were charged with the duty that they ran them up within range of musket-shot. Of course, they had hardly opened their fires which would have compelled a surrender in a few moments, when they were all swept away by a storm of bullets from the house. The guns were left unmanned, utterly abandoned, and, in a trice, they were in the hands of Majoribanks. When the order was sent for Lee to disperse the cavalry of Coffin, he was with the infantry, and it was delivered to Maj. Eggleston, who made the charge with promptness and energy, but his force was utterly insufficient. Coffin now became the assailant, and, had it not been for the timely arrival of Hampton with his own and the *debris* of Washington's cavalry, Eggleston's detachment would have been scattered to the winds.



MONUMENT—CHRIST CHURCH, *Savannah.*

THIS Monument was erected in the year 1825, in memory of Generals Pulaski and Greene, of the revolutionary army. It is a neat and simple obelisk of white marble, fifty-three feet high. The base of the pedestal is ten feet four inches by six feet eight inches, and its height thirteen feet, the needle which surmounts the pedestal being thirty-seven feet in height. It is built upon a platform of granite, three feet above the ground, and the whole is enclosed by a cast iron railing. It has a very advantageous position, in the middle of one of the public squares.

An obstinate struggle, hand to hand, now ensued, in which the British horse were eventually driven back to the shelter of the infantry under Majoribanks; but their eager pursuit of Coffin brought the cavalry of Hampton within range of their musketry, when such a destructive fire was poured on them that they recoiled, again rallied and were again repulsed. Retiring then to the woods for shelter, Majoribanks rushed forward, seized the artillery, and, dragging it off, proceeded to try his bayonets on those of the Americans who were still lying, *vino sepulti*, in the tents. On the loss of the artillery, Greene recalled his forces and reformed his line in the woods, and leaving Col. Hampton with a strong picket near the British camp, withdrew to Burdells, seven miles in the rear. Stuart had formed his line anew, but was too much crippled to venture beyond the cover of the house.

The conflict at Eutaw lasted four hours and was one among the hardest fought battles during the war; for Greene always fought hard. Loud commendations of his bravery and generalship came from all directions; and Congress ordered a gold medal, emblematical of the battle, to be struck and presented to him together with a British standard. Both sides claimed the victory; but, while it belonged to neither, the advantage was with the Americans. The loss was heavy on both sides; and more than one fourth of the whole number with which Greene went into the battle were killed or wounded. According to the most favorable accounts, the Americans had one hundred and fourteen killed, three hundred wounded and forty missing.—Twenty-two officers were killed and thirty-nine wounded. Their heaviest loss, however, was owing to the reckless and even shameful imprudence of the men in the second conflict, who, by going into the tents to eat and drink, *ad libitum*, just exposed themselves to the mercy of their enemies. The British, according to their own statement, lost six hundred and ninety-three, of whom eighty-five were killed on the field; and, including seventy two of their wounded, whom they left to the care of the Americans, Greene took five hundred prisoners. Col. Stuart, knowing well that he could not maintain his position, after destroying a large quantity of his stores and leaving a thousand stand of arms, decamped precipitately for Charleston; but halted at Monk's Corner until he heard that Greene was again in pursuit. Greene did pursue, and would soon have put an end to the strife; but, on learning that a reinforcement, under Maj. McArthur, was approaching, he returned to Eutaw, and thence, as he had a great many on his sick list, he proceeded to his favorite retreat on the high hills of Santee, where he remained until Nov. 18th, for the repose of his troops.

The disastrous effects of such a battle as that of Eutaw, in a sickly clime and in the most sickly season of the year, do not appear at once. If the air on the hills was favorable to the health of the troops, his condition in all other respects was wretched and even appalling beyond any thing he had hitherto known.—Many of his best officers had been killed, his continentals were greatly reduced, and the militia were claiming their discharge. Those from North Carolina had all left, except one hundred, and their term of service had nearly expired. Those from Virginia had already gone, and soon would go. He had six hundred sick and wounded on his hands, half of whom were British; and his little handful of exhausted and suffering continentals had everything to do. He was everywhere himself, day and night, in every tent where there was a sick man, sympathizing with them and doing all he could for their relief; but the Commissariat and Quartermaster's department were utterly insufficient. The troops were without tent or ammunition, naked and starving. Greene wrote to Congress repeatedly and to the Governors, lawyers, judges and other prominent men in the Southern States, reasoning with them and begging them to send him some relief, but in vain. In this situation, when he had not a single round of powder for his thousand men, and the enemy, with increased strength, were watching their opportunity; he learned that the continentals, under Wayne and Lafayette, whom he was so anxiously expecting, were detained in Virginia, to contend with Cornwallis, and he could not hear of a single company approaching from any quarter. A report now prevailed that Cornwallis was returning south, and the three thousand troops from Europe were close at hand. Greene and the army both felt that they had been neglected by the Congress, and were sacrificing and suffering everything.

No man at the present day can well imagine the perplexities of his condition or the agony of his mind. A spirit of mutiny appeared in the troops, and he was compelled, with anguish of heart, to make an example of the ringleader, which restored subordination for the present. Deplorable were his circumstances and gloomy were his prospects; but the elements of a change were at work. The ebb had past and the tide was returning. The three-six pounders, which he had lost at the Eutaw, were replaced, and the report about the three thousand troops were ascertained to be, in a great measure, false. On the 9th of Nov., intelligence reached the camp that Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington at Yorktown; and his continentals, under Wayne and St. Clair, might be now expected. A detachment of one hundred and sixty recruits and five hundred mountaineers, under Sevier and Shelby, arrived and were attached to Marion's corps. His partizan corps, under Marion, Lee, Pickens, Sumpter and others, were despatched in different directions and for various purposes. One little post after another was taken until the enemy were driven back almost to the suburbs of Charleston, and Greene put his army in motion to take a position further south; but left the army on its route to make an attempt on the British post at Dorchester. With only four hundred men, cavalry and infantry, he so far succeeded in this bold and perilous enterprise, that he killed and captured a number and compelled the rest to make a precipitate retreat.

This was regarded, not only by the country and the army, but by Washington himself, as a most brilliant affair, and enough under all the circumstances, to immortalize his name if he had done nothing else. He then returned to his army, which had taken post in a plentiful country, where he could get an ample supply for their pressing wants. The northern contingents, under Wayne and Sinclair, now arrived and were dispatched, with some reinforcements, to cut off or disperse the armed bands of tories, Indians and desperadoes that had gathered about the seaport of Georgia. He now devised and carried out the daring and perilous enterprise of capturing or driving away a strong British garrison on the island of St. Johns, which was tolerably well fortified and guarded by ships at every accessible point; but instead of performing such an exploit, the enemy, whose forces were greatly superior, would, ere this, have driven him from the country, if they had not been kept ignorant of his weakness by the vigilant efforts of Lee and others. In a few days the legislature met at Jacksonville and were protected by the army, now interposed between them and the enemy, who were confined to Charleston and a small space around it, which they were soon compelled to abandon. They embarked, Dec. 14th, 1782; and Greene entered the city in triumph accompanied by the Governor and a great crowd of rejoicing citizens. South Carolina gave him ten thousand guineas, Georgia, half that amount and N. Carolina, twenty-five thousand acres of the best land in Tennessee. Without detailing mutinies and subsequent difficulties, news of peace was received at Charleston, April 16th, 1782; the troops were soon furloughed to their respective states;

and by the last of August, he was on his way northward to resign his commission and visit his friends. On his route, he was everywhere met with the highest demonstrations of regard by the Congress and by all classes of rejoicing citizens. After visiting the scenes of his youth, and embracing the loved ones at home, whom he had hardly seen for nine years, he began to make arrangements for spending the rest of his days in the retired and tranquil enjoyment of domestic life; but his health was impaired, his constitution was broken and he was bankrupt in property. He had sacrificed everything in defence of his country's rights, and now he must look to the gratitude and generosity of that country for some compensation of his services. Congress could do nothing more than confer on him some marks of distinction; but S. Carolina, Georgia and N. Carolina had invested him with an amount in land and money that, if well managed, would make a handsome estate for his children. For this he was sufficiently grateful, and he determined to become a part of the soil which had been the source of so many toils and sufferings, perils and triumphs. Accordingly, having wound up his affairs in the north, he removed with his family to the south, in the spring of 1785, and settled on a valuable estate, which he had purchased in Georgia, called the Mulberry Grove, a beautiful situation on the banks of the Savannah river. His prospects now, for a comfortable and tranquil old age, in the bosom of a family, that was dear to his heart, among a people who had received him with every demonstration of joy and gratitude, were certainly flattering; but an All-wise Disposer of events had determined otherwise. The whole of his public life, though beset with sufferings and perils throughout, was a noble career of honorable and useful service to his country; but his work was now done and well-done. The evening shades came on, and he must go to receive his reward. He died of *coup de soleil*, on the 19th of June, 1786; and was buried, the next day, in Savannah, with the usual religious services. The south mourned, the nation mourned. As soon as his death was known, Congress decreed a monument to his memory, to be erected in the paternal city, and even prepared an inscription for it; but, to the reproach of the country, nothing more has ever been done; nor can the resting place of his bones be now ascertained.

CONCLUDED.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 16.—The trial of the crew of the slaver Echo which was commenced on Tuesday, was concluded to-day in the United States Circut Court—Judge Wayne presiding. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—It is stated in well informed quarters that the amendments of Nicaragua to the Cass-Irrissarri treaty are substantially such as were put upon that negotiated for England by Sir William Gore Ousley. The consent of Nicaragua must be obtained for the transport of troops across the Isthmus, except when a sudden landing is required to repel fillibusters. It is supposed that our Paraguayan fleet is nearly home, but nothing has been developed to show that it is to be diverted to coast of Central America

Hon. Wm. W. Hawks, of California, (son of Rev. Francis L. Hawks,) died on the 8th ult., of consumption. He was a native of Hillsboro, N. C., and is said to have been one of the most gifted, eloquent, and popular men of California.

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION.—On Thursday night Mr. Everett delivered his great oration on the life and character of Washington, in the Commons Hall, to the largest and at the same time most intelligent audience we have ever seen assembled here within doors. The galleries and every part of the hall were crowded, and many stood patiently and heard the orator for the space of two hours.

We will not presume to attempt a sketch of this splendid speech. It was great both in itself and in the manner in which it was delivered. There was much very much both in the speech and in the manner to take and hold captive the imagination, the reason, the understanding quite as much in the manner, which seemed to us to be perfect, as in anything else. And when we speak of manner we mean appearance, gesticulation, voice, emphasis, expression, the speaking arm and hand, as well as tongue—that *action* in a word, which constitutes the orator.

Mr. Everett was introduced to the audience in handsome and appropriate terms by Mr. Padger, and was greeted on entering the hall, on rising to speak, while speaking, and when he had concluded, with the most enthusiastic applause.

The trains on Thursday brought large numbers from various parts of the State to hear him. We are sure they do not regret their trip to Raleigh

Mr. Everett left Raleigh this (Friday) morning for Chapel Hill, where he will deliver his oration to-night.—*Raleigh Standard.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Elegant new edition of the Culprit Fay—The Lady of the Isle—Masson's Life of Milton—Annual of Scientific Discovery—Blackwood for March—London Quarterly Review—New Volume of Russell's Magazine—The Swamp Doctor—Adventures of the Big Bear—Two Ways to Wedlock.

Says N. P. Willis—"*The Culprit Fay*, by the late Joseph Rodman Drake, is, as everybody knows or ought to know, one of the most delicious poesy epics in the English language." Its merits, like the 'little folk' themselves are almost too fine for criticism. It has given the grotesque creatures a local habitation and a name in America; and the capers of Puck will not be read by a later or more admiring posterity than the marvellously fine doings of the Culprit Fay. Since Shakspeare there has not been a more exquisite or more absolute creation of pure imagination, and, again we quote from Willis, "It is worth the outlay of a fever to get (by seclusion and depletion) the delicacy of nerve and perception to devour and relish with intellectual nicety this subtly-compounded feast of imagination." The publishers, Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York, Hazard Brothers, Philadelphia, have issued the work in thin duodecimo, elegantly printed on *tinted* plate paper, and beautifully bound. They offer it to the amateur of elegant books as a rare specimen of printing, paper and binding, while the very moderate price at which they issue it—fifty cents and sent by mail—has been fixed upon to insure the wide circulation which it merits. The Fay in his new costume will receive a warm welcome.

Mrs. Southworth's interesting new romance, *The lady of the Isle*, of which we spake preparatorily in our last, is now published, in a handsome duodecimo volume of 500 pages, elegantly printed and bound, by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. There are thousands in all parts of the country who welcome with avidity every new work of this distinguished authoress, and we need only say in addition to what we have already said that the work is now ready for delivery.

A welcome of which any author might be proud has greeted the publication of the initial volume of a new, exhaustive, and splendid biography of England's great Epic poet, just published from the London edition by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and Messrs. Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia. Since the advent of Prescott's last volume, or Carlyle's Frederick, no work of a historical biographical character has so monopolized the attention of the reading public as *Masson's life of Milton*. Whether considered in its literary or political character it is unquestionably one of the most important publications issued in many years, and therefore worthy of all this lavish regard. The author, David Masson, is Professor in the chair of English Literature in University College, London, is one of the leading contributors to the Encyclopedia Britanica, and also a distinguished Edinburgh Reviewer. Even Carlyle speaks of him as "a man of many attainments in scholarship and literature, and with a natural fund of intelligence, delicate, strong, and deep, such as belongs to very few even among scholars and men of letters." These qualities shine with peculiar force in this splendid life of the great Epic Poet. The author has allowed the forms of Biography to over flow into those of History—the important part which Milton took in affairs, and the great interest attached to the political, literary and ecclesiastical history of his time suggesting to the author this very happy disposition and arrangement of his material. The work will embrace three royal octavo volumes. By special arrangement with the author, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln have arranged to print from advance sheets furnished them, as the authorized American publishers of this magnificent and eagerly looked for work. Each volume covers a definite period of time, and embraces distinct topics of discussion or history, and will therefore be published and sold independent of each other, or furnished in sets when completed.

The same publishers issue the present yearly volume of that well known, useful publication, *The Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art*, Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Among the annuals this is decidedly the most utilitarian. The amount of information here yearly published, is best understood by those whose practical pursuits lead them to consult the work. The whole community is however benefitted, for whatever tends to preserve and make available facts and processes once ascertained is a security against loss of what is already gained, and an incentive to further progress.—There are many discoveries and applications, which, not quite fulfilling their promise, are suggestive to minds kindred with the discoverer. The extent and scope of this compact duodecimo may be understood when we say that it describes fully all the important facts discovered or announced during the year, in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Antiquities, etc.

The public, and the critics, (who in a measure direct the public,) seem fairly to have awakened of late to the very great excellence of the leading English Reviews and Magazines, as republished in this country by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, and T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, either of whom will receive subscriptions. Among others we notice that the new number of Russell's Magazine says they "have lately been distinguished by an originality, vigor, and brilliancy of tone and matter which carries the reader back to the first palmy days of British periodical literature."—Certainly one of the very best numbers of the great *Blackwood's Magazine* ever printed, we say *ever* printed, is that for March, just issued. In the opening article, "Chalons—the Camp," we recognize the fascinating pen of Dr. Warren, author of Ten Thousand a Year. "Clothes and Scarecrows" is a capital article, in a lighter and more humorous vein than anything else we have seen in Old Ebony lately. "The Turks in Kalafat" is full of information on particulars concerning a phase in modern history; and so is "The Castes and Creeds of India." There are other interesting papers on Italy, on Napoleon III. and Dasents Tales from the Norse. But the gem of the number to many readers will be that charming new story just commenced, "The Luck of Ladysmede." Even Blackwood has not lately published anything more delightful.

We have scarcely left space to speak of the new number of *The London Quarterly Review*, beginning a volume, and forming a favorable starting point for new subscriptions. The two papers on the Writings of Shakspeare (Alexander Dyce's text,) and the Life and Writings of Johnson, are not excelled by any similar critical sketches with which we are acquainted. The review of the Cornwallis Papers will be read with interest by Southern readers, the brief extract from which, in the Times of 2nd inst., will have sharpened the appetite of all for the remainder. American readers will also read with interest the article on Reform, in which Mr. Bright's recent measures are roughly handled. Despite this censure however we incline to the idea that there is a happy omen in the very name of Mr. Bright!

Another opportunity is offered to Southern readers to take hold of *Russel's Magazine*, the third year and the fifth volume being begun with the number for April, issued promptly as usual on the first day of the month. Without enumerating the contents, for we have not the space to spare, we may instance the number as a favorable specimen of this now favorite periodical, and fully equal to any magazine of the month published in this country. In spirit and tone it not unfrequently reminds us of the famous Blackwood, though paying especial attention to that greater variety which the American spirit craves, and which is essential to the success of an American periodical. We always turn with interest to the Editor's Table, and the Book Table, either of which contrasts most favorably with the sickly sentimentalism and silly nonsense exhibited in these departments in magazines like the Knickerbocker. Let Southern readers see to it that they sustain "Russell." They cannot find a better magazine in a year's pilgrimage. We have spoken.

In continuation of their "Library of American Humorous Works," Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have issued *The Big Bear's Adventures and Travels*; Containing the whole of the Quarter Race in Kentucky, the Adventures and travels of the Big Bear of Arkansas, and Stray subjects, illustrative of Characters and Scenes in the South and South west, in a series of sixty eight laughably characteristic sketches, with eighteen illustrations from original designs by Darley. In one handsome volume of nearly 500 pages, tastefully bound.

Also, *The Swamp Doctor's Adventures in the South West*, which comprises forty two humorous southern and south western sketches descriptive of character and incidents in that section of country, containing the whole of Louisiana Swamp Doctor, and the Drama in Pokerville, etc. By Madison Tensas, M. D., and Solitaire (John S. Robb, of the St. Louis Reveille,) author of the famous story, "Swallowing Oysters Alive." This volume is also characteristically illustrated by the renowned F. O. C. Darley, and is elegantly and strongly bound. Either volume is full of broad fun—a book to be peeped in at half-hours by those who relish a salad in which, what is lacking of the true Attic, is made up by grotesque humor.

Messrs Rudd & Carleton, New York, have just published in a handsome duodecimo volume, a new novel of domestic life, *Two Ways to Wedlock*, Reprinted from the Home Journal. It is a good readable story, very far above the average of modern fictions, presenting many interesting phases of American society, well drawn. We commend the book.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

UMBRA, April, 15th, 1859.

Dear Times: I mentioned, in my last, the picture-gallery at Umbra, promising to send you some one of the many legends connected with the various portraits. The other day I asked Florence to walk with me through the gallery, and relate to me the stories connected with such pictures as I should point out. She readily asserted, as story-telling is a favorite amusement of hers; probably because it is so little trouble. We walked slowly down the gallery, none of the pictured faces attracting particular notice until I called my cousin's attention to two portraits, hanging side by side. The one was the portrait of a fair, proud blonde, with blue, brilliant eyes, small, proud mouth, and snow-white brow, over whose broad expanse waved lustrous, gold-brown hair, wound round the haughty head like a coronal. The other was dark, almost tawny, in complexion, but with a deep bloom upon the velvet lips and cheeks. Hair, as black as night and darkness, clustered in shining ringlets almost to her waist, and brows and lashes of the same unmingled blackness, shaded eyes of a brighter, more glittering blue than those of the fair beauty beside her. The expression it gave to the face was strange and striking; but singularly beautiful. I requested the history of the portraits.

"These," said Florence, "were two sisters, Adelaide and Evelyn Lanier. They were half-sisters, and Evelyn was of Indian origin. Their father, old Col. Lanier, was a Frenchman of wealth and good family, and after the death of his wife he came to America with his eldest daughter, Adelaide, then an infant. He here married the mother of Evelyn, a lady of Indian extraction, who did not live long afterwards. Col. Lanier removed to Umbra with his two children, where they grew up together, and became remarkable for their affection for one another. All my former stories, Julia, have been pleasant, or at the least, quiet and melancholy, but this one is strange as sad. The sisters grew up, Adelaide, proud, impetuous, but affectionate and noble minded, one whose greatest fault was pride; and she was the favorite of her father. Evelyn was more beautiful than her sister, less haughty, winning in her manners, and subtle in her heart.

"The old man grew ill, and seldom left his wheeled chair. The sisters were unwearied in their affectionate care of him, till constant watchings made them thin and pale.

"'Addie,' he said one day, passing his thin hand over her brow, 'you are pale and weak, love. You must not remain in doors so long. You must walk every morning, so that your strength will not fail.'

"Now, Evelyn was paler than her sister, but he did not observe it in her. The slight injustice done her roused the evil that was latent in her nature. Her face grew darker as she heard Adelaide leave the room to prepare for her walk.

"'*I* nursed him, too,' she murmured; 'I am looking worse than my sister; *I* loved him, and nursed him, and cared for him more, and now he thinks of only Adelaide—only Adelaide!'

"'*He done made his will*, Miss Evelyn!' said a dry, whispering voice beside her. Evelyn started violently. The oldest human being on the plantation, a negress called Myra, stood, leaning on her stick, and a snaky gleam lit up her small, twinkling eyes.

"'He done gib all dis, and more—heap more, to Miss Adelaide. *I neber heard him call your name!*' said the old hag.

"Evelyn shuddered. Now was the time to decide her fate, but she turned a deaf ear to her better angel.

"'How do you know?' she asked, breathlessly.

"'*I heerd 'em!*' replied the old crone. Evelyn darted out of the room, frightened at the tempest in her bosom. Adelaide met her and persuaded her to walk out with her, and the wretched girl walked by her sister's side, smiling and talking, but waging a terrible warfare with the demons of envy and avarice in her heart. To make the story short, evil prevailed; and as the old man grew more childish, and his love for Adelaide was shown more plainly, Evelyn's hatred grew stronger. One day, when remorse had almost driven the evil spirit away from her, she doubted the truth of the old woman's story.

"'I will see for myself,' she thought, 'and if he has thought of me at all, I will strive to be content. Adelaide has his love, why should *I* not have his gold?'

"She stole softly to the old man's room. He was sleeping, and, with ashy lips and beating heart she opened the cabinet and took out the will; then crept stealthily out again, like the thief that she was.

"'He! he! he! *Read dat, Miss Evelyn!*' said old Myra.

"The wicked girl ran out with the paper clenched in her hand. She ran on, and stopped far in the deep valley you see yonder—here, from this window, but you cannot see the spot on which she stood. She read the will, and found no mention of her name, and when she came to the end her teeth cut into her lip as she clenched them together. Taking a small stone she wrapped the paper about it and threw it far into the depths of the marsh at the mouth of the valley.

"'*Evelyn!*'

"Choked with anguish, the voice of Adelaide broke upon her ear. A moment they gazed into each other's eyes, the one lurid with hatred and baffled malice, the other, darkened with sorrow, and flashing with contempt. Then Adelaide turned slowly to retrace her steps, but the earth gave way beneath her feet, and she fell heavily into a deep hole that had been loosely covered with dirt and rubbish.

"'Oh! Evelyn, save me!' she cried, stunned and bleeding.

"'Promise me that you will not betray me; and I will!' said Evelyn, kneeling by the pit.

"'I will not betray you, Evelyn, but if our father asks for the will, what shall I say?'

"'Tell him you know nothing of it!' said the wretched girl.

"'I cannot tell a falsehood, Evelyn!' replied her sister.

"'*You must!*'

"'I will not!'

"'Then I cannot help you. Oh! promise me, Adelaide, and I will save you!'

"'No, leave me here, wicked girl! Oh! weak one, if it was for the love of gold that brought you so low, you should have had half of all I possessed. Oh! Evelyn, my sister, how could you!'

"'Promise me, Adelaide!'

"'I cannot! If our father asks, he must know all. He will forgive, as I do.'

"'Oh! Adelaide, promise!'

"'I will NOT.'

"'Then God help you, for *I* will not!'

"She flew towards the house as if the avenger was behind her. It was a stormy evening, and the red lightnings played around her as she bounded up the cliff. All was confusion in the house. The old man was dead.

"Evelyn was now the possessor of countless wealth, but with a keen pang of remorse she thought of Adelaide, and resolved to save her.

"'She cannot harm me now!' she thought, 'and I cannot do a murder!'

"They went to the valley, and drew her from the pit, but Evelyn shrunk back with a bitter groan, for she was white and dead.

"'I did not kill her! It was the fates!' she kept repeating, but her heart and conscience replied. 'Had you tried, you might have saved her. *You desired your sister's death.*'

"Evelyn wandered over the world. She married, too, an English nobleman, who traveled with her. *He* thought she traveled, as he did, for pleasure, but he knew not the secret of her restlessness and desire for change. They rambled all over the eastern world, when he died suddenly, at Venice. She returned to the New World, and when she grew ill, she came to die at Umbra. She died in the tapestried chamber that you admired. The old negress, Myra, was long since dead, amid the wealth she had extorted from Evelyn, through her fears, so that her secret was safe. Her chamber, strangely enough, happened to be the one in which the old man died, and a portrait of Adelaide hung upon the wall, covered with crape. Evelyn, or Lady Arrengyle, had one daughter, *Adelaide*, so called after her father's only sister, and this child remained constantly with her mother during her sickness.

"'Ada,' said Lady Arrengyle, one day, as the young girl stood weeping by the bedside, 'call the servants in. How long will my life last?' turning to the physician.

"'Not more than an hour, at farthest,' he replied.

"'That will do. Remove the veil from that picture. Adelaide, that is your aunt, Adelaide Lanier, concerning whom I wish to make my dying statement.'

"She then related substantially what I have told you, and her words were taken down by the lawyer for whom she had sent.

"'I wish to be buried,' she continued, 'in that valley, and do you, Adelaide, erect no monument to my memory, but the stone cross that stands at its mouth.'

"You, Julia, have seen the cross. Lady Arrengyle died, unloving, unloved and unrepentant to the last. Lady Adelaide Arrengyle returned to England, and the property passed into other hands."

Florence ended her story, which I have taken the liberty to send to you, dear Times. It may be a warning to those who contend with the bosom serpents, jealousy and pride.

JULIA SOUTHALL.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, April 15th, 1859.

Progress of the Sickles Trial—Allusions to North Carolina Law—Departure of Lord Napier—Presentation of his Successor—"The Constitution"—Its reception.

The Criminal Court, where the trial of Mr. Sickles is now pending, is still the great point of attraction for the people in and around Washington. The evidence so far, however, has not presented many points of novelty in the circumstances of the sad affair. The counsel for the prosecution proved the killing and rested their case upon the presumption of malice which attaches thereto. The counsel for the defence claim an acquittal—first upon the score of justification, and secondly on the ground of the insanity of Mr. Sickles at the time of the homicide. There has been a great deal of skirmishing between the eminent lawyers engaged in the case, elicited mainly by the question of the admissibility of evidence.—A number of allusions have been made to the North Carolina system of jurisprudence—one of the principal cases cited by both sides being that of "the State vs. John," noticed in Iredell's North Carolina Reports. In this case, although the parties are negroes, there are many traits of resemblance to the one now on trial. Those who are generally well posted in such matters say that there is but little probability of the jury agreeing on a verdict, after all the display of legal talent called forth by the case.

Lord Napier has just left Washington to embark for England in the British Steamer Curacoa, now lying at Annapolis Md. The formal presentation of Lord Lyons, his successor, to the President took place yesterday. Mr. Cass the venerable secretary of State performed the ceremony of introduction.

The new Government organ, "the constitution," has at last made its appearance. Its editorial columns are sadly wanting in vigor and logic, and on the whole it is a very unworthy successor to "the Union," so long the much-abused, but universally respected advocate of Democratic interests. The opponents of the President's policy seem rejoiced to have found his "organ" so open to their attacks, and the whole of the opposition press are already teeming with paragraphs in relation to the new Editor "Brigadier General Bowman," expressive of mingled pity and derision. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., April 7th, 1859.

Dear Times: In days gone by, I occasionally had the temerity to occupy a small space in your sheet; but "The Times" has become so elegant a journal—elegant in appearance and filled with choicest gems—that, I opine, I will cut but a poor figure, among your scores of contributors, classic, scientific, rich, rare and racy. Will you crowd together your numerous friends, learned, genial and witty, sufficiently to grant me space to redeem a promise made long ago? I will premise by telling you that I am a regular "border ruffian," and that in this longitude we haven't a very reverential regard for the *King's English*, while that ancient worthy, *Murray*, has never come beyond the Mississippi, with his rules and observations upon the proprieties and improprieties of language—I hope my locality will be an ample apology for any barbarities committed upon the former and all disrespect manifested towards the latter.

In the first place I must congratulate you upon the improvement so manifest in "The Times." It comes weekly to cheer me in my western home. A right happy evening is it, when I return from my prison and my task, worn and exhausted by fulfilling the original curse, "by the sweat of thy face," and hear the better part of my personal identity, who, by the way, is a daughter of the Old North State, as fair as ever made glad the heart or cheered the home of man, announce, with sparkling eye, "The Times." To supply a desideratum of the South, to supply it with a high-toned literary journal, was a noble undertaking. Heroically have you undertaken it, and right nobly are you succeeding—*macte virtute esto.*

And what shall I say of this "Great West" about which restless ambition and avarice dream and sigh? Well, could I tell you of all the loneliness and anguish and distress and poverty and entire want of sympathy that misguided and disappointed adventurers have suffered and do suffer in this land of almost fabled wealth, you would conclude that it is a little better than the regions of outer darkness. On the other hand, could I tell you of the fortunes that have been amassed almost as if by enchantment, and of the rapid rise of men of successful enterprise, in almost every department of life, you would indeed believe this a very Eldorado. A few sabbaths ago it was my fortune to attend the funeral of a poor lady from North Carolina. The family had been in Missouri but a few months. They had exhausted all their means in coming, and since their arrival by industry and economy had scarcely been able to answer the questions, "what shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" They lived in an ill-daubed log house, whose only furniture was a straw mattress, two chairs and a small table—the abode of the very genius of poverty. Thus, without a friend, with naught of comfort or sympathy, to cheer them in their dreary abode, lived a man and wife and their little daughter. Thus they had lived for months with no better prospect for years to come—and that two, in a populous neighborhood, but fifteen miles from St. Louis, the pride of the West. While toiling on in her "homeless home," the lady was seized with a congestive chill; and with not a female attendant, without friends or kindred near, and leaving an only child to the cold charities of the world, she died—died as die hundreds of her sex, who, deluded, desert all that makes life dear, to seek their fortunes in the "Great West." In the same community lives a gentleman who came to Missouri from one of the older States, about twenty years ago. When he reached St. Louis he hadn't five dollars. He secured a place upon a Mississippi packet; soon he was promoted to a clerkship on the same boat, and after a time he began to trade a little between St. Louis and New Orleans. Thus he advanced step by step, and now he counts his fortune by millions. The gentleman to whom I allude is Mr. James Lackland, the firm of "Lackland & Co.," one of the wealthiest firms in St. Louis. His family and that of his father now live in elegance, and indeed, magnificence. Hundreds of enterprising men have met with splendid success. I have given you the extremes—not many men are so eminently successful as Mr. L. has been, nor are there a great many cases of such abject poverty as the one which I have specified. It would not be far from the truth in the case, to say that at least one half of those who migrate from the older States to the West, not only do not benefit themselves pecuniarily, but also deprive themselves of nearly all the social enjoyments of life. The other half may be termed successful—some almost seem to have the magic power of turning all things they touch to gold, others grow rich not so rapidly but surely, others are successful, professional men, others take a positive pleasure in the social, rather unsocial, peculiarities of the country, and all who are successful, sooner or later, acquire, or at least, affect a love for the excitement of western life, and the characteristics of western society.

If you wish to make money rapidly, and have capital sufficient to purchase and stock a farm on the Missouri river, you would do well to immigrate immediately; provided you and all who are to share your fortunes, are resigned to live in a *social* atmosphere about forty degrees colder than that to which you are accustomed; but I promise you many a *heart chilling* day, such as you never have experienced and never will experience so long as you live in the generous, warm-hearted Old North State. If you have plenty of ready cash, and a gum-elastic conscience, in short, if you have much of the shylock about you, you can here find a fine field for the investment of your money, and the exercise of your peculiar virtues (?) There is such a *mania* for speculation and consequently such a demand for capital, that a capitalist can have a fine opportunity far cultivating (or exercising but another term for cultivating) his *jewish* propensities. But as you are a literary gentleman, and give your days and nights to the cultivation and dissemination of literature, I would not advise you to remove your tripod this side of the "Water of Waters." If you do, I opine, you will begin to understand what the British essayists mean when they talk about "Grub street authors, pestering their brains about how to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop;" you will know how to give full credence to Carlyle, when he speaks of innumerable Serogginses whom "the muse found stretched beneath a rug" with "rusty grate unconscious of the fire," stocking, nigt-cap and all other escutcheons of the craft—you will begin to sympathize with a Mr. Boyce, a knight of the quill, who might have been seen sitting up in bed, with his wearing apparel of blanket about him, and a hole slit in the same, that his hand might be at liberty to work in its vocation. If you should be induced, by what I have said, to follow the "Star of Empire," I suggest that you immediately change the title of your paper; call it "The Hard Times." There is not a literary paper or periodical published west of the Mississippi; nor will there be shortly, unless some gentleman should be so good as to establish one, not for the purpose of making money, but simply for the pleasure and honor of being an editor. I could suggest, to any one so inclined, a thousand *cheaper* amusements.

Would you like to know how the professions stand? Well, sir, our lawyers, for the most part, are statuary lawyers tolerably well skilled in the details of business; but they haven't let down very large vessels, or small ones very deep into that *well* that old Coke speaks about—I speak of the profession in the aggregate, there are some honorable exceptions. If you have any aspiring geniuses (?) who think *abstractions* very dull, dry and *somewhat* ideal, and who regard all *theories* as decidedly speculative and visionary; but who, with ordinary application, could sufficiently understand the import of language to ascertain, after careful investigation, the intent of a statute; it would be well to advise them to immigrate immediately.

Aside from jesting, I do not think the bar of Missouri will compare favorably with that of North Carolina. In reference to the medical profession, I admit, that I am not prepared to give an opinion. Judging, however, from their habits of study, their conversation, and from the general character of the men who constitute the medical fraternity, I would not say that they are *all* superior to Æsculapius. I do not suppose they trouble themselves much about theories, or much about what one or another sage has written—they are *practitioners* emphatically. I understand, however, that in St. Louis there is a medical faculty inferior to none in the Union. I might go on and give you my opinion about other professions—it would be but an opinion, and the opinion, too, of one not well qualified to form an opinion upon such subjects. I should like, Mr. Times, to tell you much more about matters and things generally, as I have observed them. Especially would I like to give you the political divisions of our State, to give you the complexion of the State Legislature, to give you some features about St. Louis, which I regard as second only to N. York. I have only to add, that thousands of deluded mortals are taking their bones to Pike's Peaks, to rot (I fear;) that there is constant excitement on our northern and western border on the subject of slavery; that hundreds of slaves have been sent south from the northern portion of the State, during the last three months; that the Black Republicans carried the last election in St. Louis by a large majority (the State, however, is strongly pro-slavery.) I hope you will pardon the length of this communication. I will not trouble you again with so long and uninteresting a letter soon.

Yours, &c.,
METROPOLITAN.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1859.

Dear Editors:—I haven't much to communicate this week; such as I give you I hope you will make go as far as possible. *Barrin* the Stephen's poisoning case, we have had but little to talk about of late. Of course, little scandals and petty 'hurry-be-lows' are continually on the go. But they are common, and the public taste calls for something that has a smell of blood and mystery about it. There is nothing like a murder to give *esprit* to the morning news; nothing like a scandalous divorce case to pamper to the refined (?) tastes of a super-horror loving public; nothing like the act of falling from grace to give some member of the priesthood more notoriety than he may wish to swallow.

We've had plenty of rain all the winter. Slip, slop, slip; mud and dirty understandings! Talk about your California rain-seasons! never mind, it has been wet enough here since last fall, goodness knows. Our March—usually a perfect specimen of ferociousness—simmered down to the mildness of a gazelle and brought us a cargo of April showers in advance.

We have had our surfeit of lectures this season, and now that the frisky sunshine of April has sent the Spring-fever (a *seasonable* name for laziness) into our systems, lectures are only deemed worthy of a yawn, a nod, a sneeze and a snooze. Many of them are as dull as the edge of a fool's intellect and, of course, not very apt to cut and carve their way through the approbation of stubborn and unmerciful audiences to an enviable distinction—Some of them are 'af and 'af, but not 'af as invigorating and sparkling as the delightful beverage bearing that name. A few are 'tip-top'—as full of wisdom and humor as a young girl's heart of exquisite raptures when, for the first time, her lips are baptized with a lover's kiss. Take 'em all in all, they don't do much harm, if they don't do any good.

"*The Age We Live in*" was the subject of a lecture by John R. Walker, delivered at the Cooper Institute on the evening of the 4th inst. This was one of the most interesting and instructive lectures that have been read to the 'Yorkers' during the present season, and would have done credit to any one of the best known and most experienced lecturers of the day. Mr. Walker is a young man possessing ability of the finest order, which cannot be said of every one who steps into the literary harness, and it is but conveying a meagre idea of this, his first effort in public to say that it was a perfect success. For beauty of diction and harmony of thought and argument it has seldom been surpassed, and argues for its promising young author a future of usefulness and honor. We were there, and what we say is truth.

Do you see that man there, with his boyish face and long hair? He is a thick-set muscular man, stooping somewhat, and the large coat in which he is enveloped corresponds harmoniously with his large soft hat. There is something pleasant in his face—pale rather—something humorous in the "cut of his jib"—something significant in the expression of his large grey eye. There is a roll of paper in his hand—MSS., no doubt, freshly prepared for the printer—and he goes along as if he cares very little whether his feet play the 'trip game" or not. That man is a model workman. He preaches twice every Sunday; lectures several times during the week, "keeps his eyes and ears open" to please Bonner, writes a "Star Paper" for each number of the *Independent*, and does, he only knows, how much more. Crowds flock to sip the rich wine of his eloquence, Sabbath after Sabbath—thousands flock in vain—for he is one of the most remarkable orators that have ever done honor to the English language. Everybody is talking about him—everybody goes to see and hear him, and, throwing aside the mask of political prejudice, no man who honors truth and theological fearlessness in its expression, can help loving that noble man—Henry Ward Beecher.

Our ladies are particularly sprightly and fashionable in their floatings up and down Broadway these pleasant afternoons. They are as sweet looking as pretty women generally are—confoundedly fascinating and often brain-bewildering. Talk about your gorgeous sunsets and Italian skies! Talk about your summer rainbows and daffy-downdillies! There is more real attractiveness—more genuine loveliness in a pretty girl, arrayed in crinoline and curls, than in all the beauties that Herschell ever discovered through his monstrous star-magnifier. If that "ain't" so, take my hat.

Fitz James O'Brien, the sprightly *jeuilleton* of the Daily Times, has gone to Charlestown, Mass., to reside. He is the author, you will remember, of "The Diamond Lens," an Atlantic Monthly story. Cobb continues to write for the Ledger—so does Snobb. James Gordon Bennett has discarded "Mary Ann" and given up poetics.—George P. Morris, Esq., author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and associate editor with N. P. Willis of the Home Journal is *not* bound to Havre (have who?) on a consulate enterprise. The Sickles excitement still lives. We had five fires one night last week. Our city is crammed and jammed with strangers. A sermon by Dr. E. H. Chapin on "Shameful Life" is waking up the sleepy moralists of our "town." Horace Greeley is the author of the article on "Henry Clay" in the new Cyclopedia. A young ambitious niddle-noddle named Walter Scott (shades of Ivanhoe and Guy Mannering arise!) lectured to an audience of *one hundred and fifty* persons at the Academy of Music a few evenings since. Mike Walsh, recently taken to Greenwood, was the author of the popular song known as "The American Boy." The old Broadway Theatre is being demolished. "Our American Cousin" is played out. We have a French Theatre in town. Edwin Forrest is among us attending to a law suit of his own; 'tis whispered that he is going to appear on the Metropolitan boards—hope so, and "further deponent saith not."

PONINGOE.

AUGUSTA, GA., April 13—Mrs. Senator Toombs fractured her leg yesterday morning by jumping from a buggy when the horse was beyond control. She received no other injury, although her life was in imminent danger. The accident occurred near this city.

TRADE REVERSED.—Nine thousand bushels of wheat have been shipped from Liverpool to Philadelphia.

Thomas Steele one of those who attended the funeral of Gen. Washington, died in Alexandria, Va, on the 12th inst.

THRILLING MILITARY ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.—In the north of Texas, Ford's Rangers, consisting of forty seven men, were surprised and surrounded by eight hundred Indians, who demanded their surrender. The Rangers refused, when a desperate battle ensued. Ford, with four others, cut their way through and escaped. The event has produced the greatest excitement among the frontiersmen.

DECLINED.—Prof. J. P. Nelson, formerly of Maryland, has declined a re-election to the presidency of Louisburg Female College, situated at Louisburg, North Carolina.

Mr. Jesse Trammel, who is 100 years old, served the whole of last week as a juryman in the court at Greenville, S. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Unframed Pictures.

BY WANDERER.

NUMBER V.

HEART-ECHOS.

Many are they who in speaking of third persons, exclaim "O! he has no heart." "She is perfectly soulless." "They are cold as the arctic pole" &c. How few in comparison are they, who study human nature in its various phazes and decide not hastily or rashly concerning those with whom they meet in their wanderings through life.

Along the crowded thoroughfare with measured tread, head erect and every feature bearing a seeming expression of coldness, moves a fellow man. Listening to the observations of passers-by you hear such *cheering* compliments as these, paid the stately stranger—"What a frigid countenance that man wears." "Why he steps with an imperial air that is quite refreshing" and other tongue-slippings of a similar nature.

Could you but draw aside the curtains which envelope that apparently cold man's heart, you would hear strange melodies echoing through its secret arches, the like of which you never heard before. That harsh and relentless professor of chilling music, stern adversity, has tuned the heart strings fiercely, and given to the *outward* man an appearance of affected reserve.

Wild care with the speed of the winged winds blows lustily and shrieks madly through the immortal alcoves and labyrinths of the soul.

Trial scours every avenue and consumes every fond expectation, leaving but the charred and blasted remains behind.

Bereavement, ingratitude and their courtiers have made a sad wreck of that once happy heart through which in days of "lang syne" swept sweetest minstrelsy.

To the world there seems no cause for such reserve and coldness, but when *you* have learned the truth by observation or experience, how deeply do you sympathize with the lone stranger.

Could you enter the sacred precincts of the heart of one who reciprocates your love and be a silent, attentive listener you would go hence a better man, a nobler purpose in view than any which has yet obtained with you.

Within the fair one's heart you would hear notes almost seraphic and feel that LOVE is not a passing passion, but *a God-like reality.*

Friend, trifle not with the affections of another, by so doing, you may change love's melody into the dull dirge of hopes dead and affections blasted.

Even the little prattler just lisping the dear name of "mother," feels a weird like music stealing gently through his infant heart, the remembrance of which will haunt him pleasantly when iron frost footed time has left its impress on his brow and scattered its snows, his locks of hair among.

Echoing ever, from the moment when first your spirit lives, to the last hour of your earthly career, sweetest notes of joy and happiness commingled with those of grief and ingratitude, fill the immortal soul and cease not until from this world's fetters freed, the long imprisoned spirit bird wings its flight aloft to realms of eternal day. Then and then only, ceases the war of conflicting heart echos.

So move among thy friends, so study human nature, not forgetting that *self* is thy greatest enemy and so bear the ills of life, that none other than the echoes of calm joy and blissful peace shall reverberate through thy everlasting heart.

Then will thy life be a beautiful "unframed picture," serene as the landscape at eventide, where the sun arrays the mountain peaks in crimson waves of light.

Your friends will love you, God will bless you and angels from the throne conduct you home, when the silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl of life is broken:—

"Love your Maker and mankind,
And the path to heaven ye find,
Here your life was only given
That ye thus might seek for heaven:
Here death cometh but to bear
The delivered spirit there."

WARRENTON FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Commencement exercises at this popular Institution will take place on the first Thursday in June. The Sermon before the graduating class, will be preached by the Rev. B. F. Long, of N. C., and the annual address will be delivered by the Rev. J. A. Duncan, of Va. We have much gratification in stating that the College is in a flourishing condition, under the able direction of its President, E. E. Parham, and his accomplished lady.—*Warrenton News.*

OPEN COMMUNION.—The *Morning Star* (Freewill Baptist), published in Dover, N. H., asserts that two regular Baptist churches in Newport, R. I., have become free, or open communion churches These churches are under the care of Rev. Dr. Jackson and Rev. Howard Malcolm Jr.

The Bostonians have subscribed $70,000 towards Agassiz' Museum of Natural History.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, April 23, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. G. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DI VERNON, PAUL RIVINGWOOD, Mdm. O. W. LeVERT Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, CHARLES E. W. DOBBS, H. A. DWIGHT, J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

Southern Literature.

Is there such a thing in existence as a Southern Literature? In the nature of the case can there be such a thing? Is it desirable there should be such a literature—distinctively, independently such?

We do not purpose to discuss these questions, but only to intimate some of our opinions about them—opinions, we may say, carefully formed, after the observation of years not a few. In the general, we are disposed to give a negative answer to the first, and an affirmative to the second, while about the third, we are very much in doubt and in the dark.

The boundaries of our States are purely arbitrary and accidental. No good reason can be given why the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina should run where it does, instead of half a degree farther north or south. It was settled in England by men who knew nothing of the natural features and divisions of the country, and in the choice of it no regard was paid to them. Had they been guided by such considerations, we should be separated by the Roanoke or the James river. So, in the south, the Peedee should have been our boundary instead of belonging partly to North and partly to South Carolina. So far as the natural aspects of the country are concerned, those, we mean, which are thought to have an influence on the development of the character of a people—there is no marked difference between the several States of the South. In these respects Virginia and North and South Carolina are especially alike. Each has its wide alluvial tract bordering on the ocean, with its broken and undulating middle region, and each its share of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. So far then as the soil, surface, climate, &c.,—all that in modern parlance are called "nature,"—are concerned, there seems to be no reason why either of these States should have a peculiar literature. We could rather imagine that the literary activity of our people should take one form and be unfolded in one way, in our mountain district, and another along the borders of the sea. But we cannot conceive that, on this ground, there can be any characteristic difference between the literature of North and that of South Carolina. Nor can there be any where, as we judge, a distinctive State literature.

Then again the form of government in our several States is very much the same. All are essentially democratic, and in all the resemblances, both in the frame work of the Constitution and in the practical administration and operation of the laws, are much more numerous and more intimate than the differences. So far as these influences go, and we are inclined to attribute to them a very much larger efficacy than to any picturesque or bold combination of mountains and plains, we should look for uniformity rather than diversity in the moral and intellectual cultivation of a people. Certainly we can see in this no reason for the anticipation that the results of authorship should be very unlike in our own State and in our neighbors.

Far more influential still in regard to mental development than either of these considerations is what is called race, stock, blood. As each individual man has his peculiar nature, which unfolds itself in peculiarities of character—idiosyncracies, we call them—so every several People is thought to have its separate unity of being, which, in the gradual process of its growth, gives it a peculiar character and history. He has read the world's history to little purpose who has not seen the traces everywhere of this principle of division. It is indeed the same power which we see every day working so powerfully in families. In the members of each family are certain likenesses, which difference them from all other men, and and it from all other families. In nations the case is just the same. The Englishman and the Frenchman are singularly unlike, nor can we imagine any training that shall cause them to think and feel and act alike. We account for these differences by tracing each nation to a separate origin. Far back, in remote ages, the separation began, and the longer it has lasted the wider the dissimilarity has become. It is a difference of blood, and this has brought with it a difference of culture, and now the different tribes of men, each with its own traditions and institutions, stand aloof from each other, and must ever stand thus apart, in distinct Nationalities. Each nation, having thus its independent being and character, must have its own peculiar modes of thought and feeling and action, and so its own peculiar literature. That same cause that has made a diversity of languages has made a peculiar literature a necessity for each. So we see as a matter of fact, that every nation has its characteristic literature, the Greek, the Roman, the English, the German, each its own.

Now when we apply this doctrine to our own case, we find that substantially we are one people. The inhabitants of our own State derive their blood from almost every nation of Europe.—There is as yet nothing homogeneous about us. We are taking a new point of departure and shall reach a true unity of race some time hereafter. But now we are a mixed race. The same is true of the people of every other State of our Union. The mixture is very uniform, too, everywhere. There may be more of the cavalier blood in Virginia, more of the Huguenot in South Carolina, more of the Puritan in Massachusetts, yet this element in each is blended with so many others that it is modified by them, instead of giving its tone to them. As, in this sense, the people of all our States may be said to have a common origin, we cannot look, on this ground, for any great peculiarities of general cultivation, and so, neither, for any marked diversities of literary development. Hardly in any case can the native state of an author be guessed at from the style of his book, nor the one in which he was educated, nor the one even in which his whole life has been passed. Irving's Sketch Book might have been composed in Virginia, and Marshall's Life of Washington might have been written in N. York. The subject of a book may furnish a presumption touching the locality of its authorship; so may the sides taken on certain questions: but we could not rely on any peculiarities of style, or modes of thought, or differences of what is properly literary culture, in judging of any such matter. Who can tell, so judging, what State, or even what section of the country Mr. Bancroft was born in, or has mainly lived in, or Mr. Fenimore Cooper, or Mr. Legare, or Mr. Thornwell?

The considerations we have presented certainly show that we are not to look for such things as a distinctively N. Carolina literature, or one of Virginia; nor to imagine that the results in authorship shall be so clearly marked that we can distinguish those in New England from those in New York. We are not sure that the argument applies with equal force to distant sections of the country. We are not sure that there are not differences between New England and the extreme south, so clearly defined and so influential, as to have some effect, already slightly perceptible, and to become far more apparent hereafter, on the mental activities and general literary development of the cultivated men in those remote regions. Edgar Poe's writings have hardly a trace of his locality, or betray anywhere the sources of his power; yet we find everywhere in the published works of Mr. N. P. Willis the evidences of his birth and residence at the north. The southern writers have, we think, fewer of these ear-marks, as for want of a better word we may call the marks of locality, than those of the north. The poetry of Mr. Bryant discloses his origin far more unequivocally than that of Mr. Simms. The unlikeness in climate, soil, scenery, in social institutions, in the general habits of living in the remote sections of our country, are working, to some appreciable extent have wrought, already, a corresponding unlikeness in the tastes, intellectual habits, moral character and general culture and development of the people who are so separated and differenced. The difference as yet is small, but we think it is growing. Whether the final effect of this divergence will be happy, or otherwise, is a problem of the deepest interest, and one which we feel entirely unable to solve. We have written in rather a rambling way of a subject in which we feel a very lively concern. We may recur to it again.

REV. JAMES CHALLEN,

And the Publishing House of Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

Among the well known publishing houses of the Keystone City, there is no one holds a higher rank, and justly, than that of James Challen & Son. The head of this respectable and enterprising firm may be fairly esteemed as the Robert Chambers of this country, and, like the eminent publisher of Edinburgh, enjoys a brilliant reputation as a literary gentleman and author.

Dr. Challen occupies this field in the world of letters. He has devoted forty-five years of his life to literary pursuits. Having in early life enjoyed a fine classical education, and for the greater part of his career devoted himself to literary pursuits in connection with his ministerial duties, he is admirably adapted for the position he holds as literary editor of this new and successful Philadelphia publishing house, which is now engrossing so much public attention by means of their splendid recent publications, 'Palestine, Past and Present,' 'The City of the Great King,' 'Wilson's New History of the Conquest of Mexico,' etc. His special department in the already eminent house which bears his name, is to examine the literary character of all works presented to the firm for publication, and to indicate the style in which such as are approved should be gotten up, whether with or without illustrations, style, size, etc. How well he has acquitted himself of this task, the important character of which will be evident, is proven in the fact that there is scarcely one of the publications of the firm which has not attracted marked attention in Europe as well as in America. Many of the issues of the house are written by Mr. Challen, but *all* they publish bear the marks of his superior taste and judgment, in their literary worth, in the elegance of the letter-press, and the superb style in which they are issued.

Their issues have been rapid, and without exception, successful. They do not take hold of every work, but having once embarked in a literary enterprise they spare no labor or pains in printing, paper, illustrations, binding and advertising, to make it successful. Their two works *Palestine, Past and Present*, by Rev. Henry L. Osborne, and the *City of the Great King*, by Dr. Barclay, stand unrivalled for beauty, elegance and lavish expenditure, by any publications issued in this country or Europe. A new work on Geology, magnificently illustrated, which they have now on the tapis, will compare favorably with even these splendid works, and take rank at once as the standard book on the science. It will be published during the year.

They have also in press a new religious novel, written by Mr. Challen, with the title of Frank Hilton. Their latest publications are two little thin duodecimos, well suited to the Sabbath School Library, etc. These are *Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labor*, by John Allan Quinton, and the *Pearl of Days*, by a Laborer's Daughter. The history of their production is interesting and is as follows:

In 1847, an English gentleman, impressed with the disadvantage and wrong done to the laborer by encroachments on the rest of the Sabbath, offered three purses of twenty-five, fifteen and ten pounds, for the three best essays on the temporal advantages of the Sabbath to the laboring classes—the competitors themselves to be laboring men. Over one thousand essays were submitted in less than three months. The first named above received the highest of the three purses. The author is a journeyman printer. The "Pearl of Days" was excluded from the competition by the sex of the writer, but was published by the committee with the consent of the author, and with the addition of a sketch of her life. Both are remarkable treatises, and the new edition is well timed. They were reprinted in this conntry in 1849, soon after their publication in England.—Their testimony to the value and privileges of the day of rest comes from precisely the persons who can best appreciate them, and the little works will possess an influence for good wherever read. We might also mention that this firm also publishes several distinct sets of volumes, small and large, for Sabbath Schools, many of them from the pen of Mr. Challen, and all of them worthy the attention of superintendents, teachers, and pastors.

Life of General Greene.

We this week conclude the life of Gen. Greene, which has been running through THE TIMES since the first of January. Our readers were promised something more substantial and instructive than the usual reading of weekly literary papers, and the life of Greene is given as the first instalment in the "Historical Gallery." By the enlarged form of THE TIMES, we have been enabled to fill this department without any trespass upon the other departments of the paper. The life of Greene has been necessarily brief, but sufficiently full for all information excepting the details.

These papeas, we are pleased to learn, have been very acceptable to our readers, and from our increased circulation, we feel fully compensated for the extra expenditure for the enlargement of THE TIMES and for the extra cost of these articles.

We shall commence next week a series of biographical sketches of the Presidents of the United States. The sketches are not intended to be each as long as that of Greene, but to be condensed in such a manner, as to present a full sketch of each in one or two issues. The sketches will be accompanied with accurate likenesses of all the Presidents.

ETERNAL SPRING.—The following classically simple and very beautiful lines, written by Dr. Adam Clarke in a lady's album, may never have fallen under the reader's notice:

I have enjoyed the spring of life;
I have endured the toils of summer;
I have culled the fruits of atumn;
I'm passing through the rigors of winter;
And neither forsaken of God,
Nor abandoned of man.
I see at no great distance the dawn of a new day,
The first of a spring that shall be eternal;
It is advancing to meet me.
I haste to embrace it,
Welcome, welcome, eternal spring:
Hallelujah!

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE TRACT SOCIETY.—The New York Observer says the opposition to the management of the American Tract Society is hard at work, preparing for another onset upon the Directors. It is therefore incumbent on every member to be at his post of duty at the forthcoming anniversary. It is of more importance now than it was last year. Then the opposition was more open, now it is insidious and widespread. Every membe rmust be there, or, if voting by proxy is allowed, must send his vote to some true and faithful friend in the city.

The Dreamer dreamed a dream.

I had been reading Cicero's Somnium Scipionis, and in connection with it reflecting on the "Platonic notion that the soul, when employed in contemplation, was in a manner detached from the body, that it might the more easily mount above earthly things, and approach nearer the objects it desired to contemplate," when I fell asleep and as it seemed to me was transported into a grove of pine trees, where was a large number of persons lulled to sleep apparently by the whispering of the winds through the boughs. Remembering the above sentiment, I thought that here was a good opportunity to test the truth of it, and to learn the bent and prevailing disposition of the sleepers. After watching a while, I saw a soul rise from a body; and it was of a globular shape, and of a blue color, about as large as a man's fist. It flew off some distance, and suddenly descended to the ground; I hastened to the spot and found a little tin box had been put there by some one for a trap, with a sixpence for a bait, and this man's soul in passing over the place had seen the silver shining in the light of the moon, and had descended to take it, and had got caught. We are not apt to be much surprised at anything in our dreams, but I could not but feel amazed that a man would venture where he would run the risk of losing his soul, for a sixpence. Having had an opportunity to judge of the character of this man, I went back to my post of observation; and soon another, about half the size came out, having more of a yellowish tinge.

It mounted higher in the air, than the former, and went off into the west part of the State, and on the top of a high hill, there was a chestnut tree full of burs.

After darting about awhile among the limbs, it entered one of the burs. Thinks I to myself, he must be a very selfish man for no better emblem of selfishness can be found than a chestnut bur. Protected with sharp prickles on all sides it seems to say, "Keep off!" "Don't touch me!"

But I looked to see what the result would be. And after a little time, the bur began to swell, and swell, and swell, until it became as large as a half bushel. But still it did not open.

I waited with anxiety, for a long time; when suddenly a chill, as if from a sharp frost came over me, and I heard the squealing of pigs, and the noise of a great variety of animals, as if scrambling for something.

I looked up and the chestnuts were coming down in a shower, and the hogs and other animals were devouring them with great rapidity. Thinks I this teaches us that it is folly for a man to labor to lay up wealth for himself, for when the chill of death strikes him, his heirs will grab his money, and not thank him for it. They will rush in and sweep away his dollars.

But I returned to the men sleeping in the grove; and I saw another, very diminutive in size, rise and fly off in the direction of a chump of bushes; and on going that way, I saw it go down among them, and into a cavity between two rocks. But just at that instant, a man who had been lurking there, it seems, and had discovered the deposit of the spirit, ran away with an old stocking full of gold which I suppose the man, to whom this spirit belonged had secreted there. But I have not time now to tell you all that I saw, and all my adventures that night.

SOMNUS.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.—The conduct of the Governor of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, in refusing permission to the Americans to fire a salute on Washington's birthday, shows a marked difference from the more gentlemanly feelings of the Captain of the English 90 gun ship Cæsar, at San Juan del Norte, who not only dressed his ship in colors on that day from sunrise to sunset, the same as our own ship Jamestown, but at noon both ships fired a national salute of 21 guns. The next day the officers of the Jamestown gave a splendid dinner to the senior officers of the Cæsar. It is pleasant to hear of such exchanges of national courtesies on these occasions.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

The net increase of the Methodist Church, South, the past year, we gather from the General Minutes just issued, was 43,398, making the total membership 699,175.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Two Poems.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

IDEAL.

A cottage fair serene and calm
Where breezes bear on wings of balm
The neighboring ocean's solemn psalm.

Around the porch a clustering vine
With tendril o'er the roof to climb
Thro' which at eve the stars might shine.

A sunny garden stretched around
As fair as an enchanted ground
With green larch trees its quiet bound.

Beyond a beach of shining sands
To gather shells with eager hands,
Or see ships pass from distant lands.

Within with clear and ruddy rays
A cheerful hearth whose sparkling blaze
Pictured the scenes of other days.

One kind and noble, with me there
To occupy the ingle chair
And every thought and dream to share.

Whether the winter wind swept by
Or summer stars were in the sky
Or autumn moons above the rye.

I know full well, this may not be,
The fair ideal that I see
May never prove the real to me.

That cottage by the green sea shore
Other young feet will wander o'er—
Others twine vines above the door.

And sit beside the hearth's red glow
And sing the ballads soft and low,
'Tis best for God has willed it so.

'Tis ever thus we mortals grasp
Some other good than that we clasp,
Some blessing yet denied we ask.

We travel far in weary quest
We drink at fountains of unrest
Yet God has willed it!—it is best!

THE REAL.

Dark pine-crowned peaks that close the view
Rising to melt in ether blue
As if to shut the world out too.

Beneath a rim clear and bright
Reflecting in its liquid light
The homesteads low, the wooded height.

A white road winding from the stream
Where summer's pale red roses gleam
Or astors in an autumn scene.

Alas! who culled those flowers of yore
Who stood with me upon the shore,
Not where they ever were before.

But lying in that slumber low,
Which all must take, where all must go,
Are those my heart had twined round so.

Never hereafter can I flee
The memories that e'er must be
When these familiar scenes I see.

For round my soul is wrapped a spell
That ever of the lost must tell
As of the ocean sings the shell.

Peace throbbing heart! Earth has no rest,
Only BEYOND can ye be blest
As God has willed it—it is best.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HOWARD DE VERE,

OR,

The Schemer Foiled.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a lovely evening in Autumn, that glorious season when summer bursts into its last flush, before gliding into decay; when the late fruits are ripe, and the early leaves are sere, and the moon shines down with unwanted lustre upon sheaves, ricks, and carolling honest men. Such were the scenes it lighted now, aided by the glitter of a single star, that hung down like a gem beside it, and a group of the squire's family sat gazing upon its glories from an open window in the drawing room. The hour was one to lull any save soft emotions; a time rather to recall the past or absent, than to brood over present hopes, and future ambition, yet the twilight revealed restless passions upon the faces of those around.

"To-morrow," murmured, Howard De Vere, I shall be twenty one, free as the untamed horse of the Prarie."

"And just as likely to stumble," said an old gentleman opposite. "Nonsense—it is the spavined cab horse that trips over obstacles—the wild courser clears them—what say you Carrie, am I not right, *ma belle cousine?*"

Carrie did not answer, but permitted him to play with the threads of her golden hair in silence.

"You will be a rare pigeon to pluck, in New York, my boy," continued the old gentleman, "the gamblers will victimize and 'rope' you in to a certainty."

"Do hush," cried the youth, with good humored impatience, "you are eternally croaking, why in the name of heaven cant you be merry with the rest of us?"

"You are quite right to go," said Carrie, looking at him, yet avoiding to meet his eye, "life has, I suppose many attractions; we I know have few; the world will offer objects more worthy of you."

"Carrie, you are unkind," replied Howard, "you know that it is impossible for me to forget *you*."

From the window corner, where he stood, with folded arms, he bent his eyes upon Carrie, with a gaze of inquiry betokening some awakened thought. The fire light was gleaming around the apartment in uncertain flashes, it danced gayly upon the rare old oaken pannellings, it played in weird solemity upon the family portraits that frowned down from the wainscot, suddenly a leaping flame lit up Carrie's face, and Howard thought he saw a tear struggling in her fringed eyelids.

"Good night, Howard," said the old gentleman, who by the by was called Uncle John—"I have business to look after, so I leave you to your golden visions. Carrie will stay and amuse you if she can, and remember you must be full of eyes as a peacock's tail is of feathers, or you will yet feed on husks. Kiss me, Carrie." She twined her white arms fondly around his neck;—he nodded to Howard—and the cousins stood alone, in the moonlight.

"Come and sit nearer me Carrie," said Howard.

"Ah, to finish our game of chess," she answered archly, "with all my heart, here is the board exactly as we left it, my queen has just taken your knight, and is now storming the castle."

"I wish it were some enchanted hall in a far country. where, like a true knight-errant, I might win you from pains and peril, you should love me then, Carrie, in spite of yurself."

"What lady would give glove or scarf to such a fickle knight?" said Carrie tossing her beautiful ringlets.

"Not after vehement suit and long worship at her shrine? Listen to me, Carrie, this night recalls memories that have laid dormant amid the press of life, but not extinct; we have been friends from childhood—we cannot be less now, but may we not be something more?"

"You are in check," said Carrie, bending over the board to hide a blush—"you play miserably."

"Now, Carrie, that I am going to leave you, can you give me no assurance that *one heart* is less indifferent than it appears."

"There goes your castle," persisted the wilful girl, steadily pursuing the game; "really, there is no satisfaction in beating so bad a player."

"For the last time, Carrie, I implore you to listen—is this jest or earnest, indifference or pride?"

He took her hand. Many a time, and oft had she walked beside him in the freedom of their relationship, with her fingers twined in his—and not a nerve wavered. Yet now every fibre trembled, every vein grew hushed and still, she sat before him no longer wrapped in her cunning fence of witty misapprehensions, but changed by the pressure of his hand, as by the touch of a talisman, into the mute and conscious woman.

Suddenly the door opened. It was Carrie's maid with a message from her father. She started up in an instant, transformed once more, and waving her hand to Howard, with a laughing adieu, she left the room.

"Can she never have loved me?" sighed the young man. "I will strive to forget her—to-morrow, for New York—aye—to morrow."

His face brightened at the last recollection, but somehow, not with the gladness it had worn before.

CHAPTER II.

SO the old hall and its ancestral portraits, the wooded park and its towering pines, little golden haired Carrie, capricious as beautiful, and uncle John, the sarcastic scholar, were all deserted by Howard De Vere; and the young heir sleeked his new-fledged plumes in the sweet *ideale* of New York life. The sense of liberty was a draught of ambrosial nectar, he quaffed it to intoxication. With wealth to supply every luxury, with youth in its first fever of unrestrained indulgence, and health that the young Bacchant had drank in among the sunny plains of the South, Howard De Vere lacked nothing, either in body or mind, that could add to enjoyment.

Among his letters of introduction, was one received from a friend in town to a very particular acquaintance of his residing in Gotham, who possessed, so stated the giver, the rare advantage of knowing everything that was to be said or done. Simon Antonio was a perfect compendium of all the arts and sciences for killing time. Utterly destitute of heart, devoid even of honor, he was the most agreeable and dangerous man of the day. He despised Howard for his innocence, but he adopted him nevertheless, for the young heir was rich. He might borrow his money, or cast on him a cast off mistress—such boys were useful to a man of the world.

Thus it happened that Howard and Antonio conversed together one morning over a late breakfast at the apartment of the former.

"*Diable*," said Antonio, "to think that you should have been here three weeks without finding *me out*."

"The loss has been all on my side," replied Howard.

"You have *lived* no doubt, but not in the seventh heaven, come with me and I will initiate you in all the mysteries."

"With all my heart," said Howard, "I give myself to you."

"Well then," replied Antonio, "as it is damp out of doors, and cloudy weather begets the *megrims*, and *megrims* beget indigestion, and indigestion spoils the temper, we will not run the risk of a promenade. We will take an hour's saunter through the Art Union,—then a game of billiards will carry us through till dinner—afterwards we will go to the Opera—Sontag sings to-night, and thence we will go and call on Madame De Raena."

"Who may she be?" inquired Howard.

"What—been in Gotham three weeks and her fame not yet reached you? *Mon Dieu!* you have been living in ignorance. To exist without knowing her is to drink your wine without the melted pearl of the Epicurean—she is a French actress—a countrywoman of mine—she is the brightest star of the galaxy of beauty—she is an angel—an———"

"Hold—I will kneel with you at her alter," said Howard, "let us be off."

They visited the Art Union, but it did not detain them long. The pictures were declared common-placed by Howard, and Antonia did not defend them. He was eager for the billiard table, so they soon found themselves beside a board in Broadway, listening to the harmony of clinking balls, compared to which, there was no music sweeter to the Frenchman's ear, surrounded by the usual horde of blacklegs, markers, and thieves. Like all Southern gentlemen, Howard was a good player, and he prided himself upon it.—He had often heard that New Yorkers were *crack hands*, and he put forth all his skill in consequence. Antonia *evidently* played with care, yet the race stood about equal. Howard did not observe the subtile art with which his opponent *restrained* rather than put forth his powers, lest the pigeon should be too much startled at first, and when they entered the saloon of Madam De Raena, Howard's losses appeared to him rather an accident of fortune, than a result of superior play on the part of Antonia.

Conducted by the Frenchman, Howard De Vere advanced towads the *fauteuil* where she sat, and was introduced.

"We were philosophising upon the signs of the times," said Madam De Raena, "my friend here on the right is despondant, what should *you* think, if you ever think at all?"

"Well," replied Antonia, "he is a poet, and lives for the future, consequently is desponding and unhappy; now I live for the passing hour, and am content; which is the wiser philosophy?"

"Yours is the safer," said the poet.

"But the most ignoble," interfered Howard. I wager my best horse that Madame does not hold such a recreant creed."

"Done," said Antonia—"what think you, Madame?—do you enlist yourself upon the ride of plasure?"

"Never," explained the French woman; "I scorn your creed; genius has higher aims than mere happiness."

"I have won, Antonia," said Howard, "and Madame can only add one favor now."

"Ah, with pleasure—it is———"

"To accept the horse as a memorial of the sentiment; he is of high blood, and worthy a mistress so *spirituelle*."

Madame De Raena thanked him with a glance from her resplendant eye that exhibited a strong degree of interest in her new acquaintance. She left him for a moment, and he being alone with Antonia, the latter proposed a game for trifling stakes. So once more the toils were spread, and once more the unweary victim fell into the snare.

It was very late that night before Howard sought his hostess in order to tender her his last adieu. Her quick glance had sought him more than once during the evening, but circumstances had kept them apart. She rose to bid him good night, and moving slightly behind a marble bust of Napoleon, gave him an invitation of flattering warmth to revisit her speedily and often.

"You have been at play?" she added in a lower tone.

"I have," replied Howard.

"And you have lost?" she continued.

"True—most unfortunately true."

"I know it," she said, "you could not win. Antonia *never loses*. *Prenaz garde cher monsieur; au revoir.*

He gazed upon her with an inquiring glance, but she mingled among the crowd and disappeared.

"I have shown you a bright scene in the picture of life," said Antonia;—rejoining him "you shall now see the contrasting shadow—come let us go."

Following his guide mechanically, but with a mind agitated by strange doubts and suspicions, Howard left the house, and after a walk of some ten minutes, they entered a dark mansion, in which the noise and din of revellers could be heard. The apartment was dimly lighted, yet even the dull rays of the candlebras were veiled from external observation by shutters and curtained screens. Lingering for a moment amid the scene of misery and vice, they took their departure, and as Howard De Vere bid his companion good night, the last words of his hostess still rang in his ears.

CHAPTER III.

HOWARD De Vere became a daily visitor at the boudior of Madame De Raena but the sentiment he experienced, was not love— the attraction was purely of the intellect. Very different however, was the awakened feelings of the woman. Her position in life had exposed her to so much gallantry, that the exhibition was wearisome, and it was something new to find in Howard De Vere, a man who merely sought to be a "friend."—The danger that threatened him from the deadly arts of Antonia, had long filled her with inquietude. It was a task of difficulty and fear,—a choice between a powerful and detested lover, and a generous friend. She determined to save the victim ere it was too late.

A dull February day of drizzle and *megrims* found our hero lingering at the windows, gazing gloomily at the throng in Broadway. Antonio had not called; the weather was insupportable; there was only one way to scare away *ennui*, it was to seek Madame De Raena. He reached her residence, and walking in with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, he stood once again in the saloon that bordered upon her boudoir. The absence of Antonio was easily explained; for his voice was heard in loud conversation in the next room.

"You are mad, Hortense," said Antonio, in a voice of deadly anger.

"*Au contrare*," replied the Frenchwoman, "I was never more sane, never more serious. The list of broken hearts and bankrupt purses shall not be swelled by this poor boy's ruin. *You* have determined to ensnare him, *I* have sworn to lead him from your toils; *bonchance, Monsieur*, time will show the winner."

"Again I say you are mad," rejoined Antonio savagely—"what is the fool to you?"

"He is young, and reminds me of *my youth* when I was happy; he is noble, and I recall in him the past, when I was *pure*," replied her faltering voice. Do you think that I have no feeling? *I love him, and he shall be saved.*"

"Beware," said Antonio, "beware, Hortense De Raena, it is better to be the friend than the enemy of Simon Antonio."

"Wretch—do you threaten me?"

"Aye, and more," he answered; "your rich lover shall know who has shared the tender cares of his mistress."

"Despicable slave," she cried.

"Fair words," interposed Antonio, "I think we understand each other, so we had better be friends."

Howard stayed to hear no more, but left the house with trembling steps; and at the same moment, Hortense, hurried from the boudoir, and sank upon a couch with her face buried in her hands.

The emotions which shook Howard De Vere, when he left the saloon of Madame De Raena, were of that mixed character that defies definition. Suspense and doubt, hope and fear, hatred and revenge, rolled like surging billows over his troubled breast. That Antonio should be false, surprised him less than the declared affection of Hortense; but his insolent assertion of power over a being whom Howard thought that he was bound in some measure to protect, urged one passion more vehemently above the rest. His own wrongs united with hers in demanding vengeance.

Such men as Antonia have always a variety of hangers on—a jackall tribe who smell the prey and point it out to the wolf. The former robs the fleece, the latter mangles the forsaken limbs. That interest was the only bond between them, Howard knew, and he resolved to use that knowledge for his own purposes. But he forgot that the man who would be a traitor to one master, will be false to all, and always in market for the highest bidder.

Paul Harrison had come to Howard one day with a profusion of bows and compliments and a long face, and a short purse, to supplicate the loan of five dollars, as his *remittances* had failed. Howard asked him to stay to dinner, and when the wine had circulated pretty freely, he took out his purse and from it extracted a five dollar bill and placed it before the admiring eyes of the borrower. It was a study to see how he wriggled at the sight, even as a fish might have wriggled at beholding a bait.

Howard then unfolded the terms upon which he might win it. The arts which had been directed against him were to be turned against Antonio. A large sum was to signalize the ruin of the victim, and the traitor's face glistened. He thought of the larger amount to be wrung from his first master, by betraying the proposals of the second.

For some time, however, the plan appeared to succeed. Howard found the stream of fortune flowing very decidedly in his favor, and a night was at last fixed when, satisfied of Harrison's honesty, he was to raise the stakes to such a sum as must involve ruin in its loss.

Meanwhile, Hortense De Raena, watchful as ever for the man whose fate had interested her so deeply, beheld with dismay the fatal dalliance with which he played around the net. By aid of trusty agents and personal disguises, she had discovered the treason of Harrison as well as the subtle machinations of Antonio. She sought to inform Howard of the plot, but the reckless dissipation of his career had prevented their meeting for some time. And so at last the night arrived, and many passions ebbed and flowed, and many hearts beat quickly as it waned away.

Still no pause for the maddened gamesters, though the weary hours were winging their flight towards the dawn. Calm and passionless sat Antonio; blandly, treacherously smiled Harrison; beaten, but dogged and watchful, sat Howard De Vere. The moment that success turned against him contrary, to his expectations, he saw at once the treachery. As the piles of gold and notes increased, the confederates grew less watchful, and Howard, *apparently unconscious*, increased the stakes. They thought that he was mad, and so he was—with thirst for revenge.—

Hortense, in the meantime, had not been idle; she had discovered his retreat and in male attire went in search of him. As she entered the apartment she heard the sound of angry voices, and a pack of cards flew past her eyes, dashed full in the face of Antonio by the hand of Howard. Rushing forward she seized him and held him back.

"You are lost," she exclaimed "hasten away from these robbers and their den, or it will be too late."

"Aye, aye," replied Howard, without turning his bloodshot eyes, "robbers who are fit food for the gallows, if their punishment was not *my privilege*. Simon Antonio, I convict you as a cheat, I denounce you as a coward—you shall pay the penalty before you leave this room."

"Oh, come away—lose not an instant," said Hortense, "there is danger on every hand—the police are near—come, come."

"Hortense De Raena, across my path again," muttered Antonio.

"Hortense!" echoed Howard, now turning for the first time, "is it possible?"

She bowed before them, then fell upon a couch, overcome with agitation and shame."

"The police—the police," exclaimed a voice, and then all was confusion. The gamesters hastened to escape, and Howard after first securing the money on the table, lifted up Hortense in his arms, and hurried through a narrow passage which led from the room to the open street.

* * * *

Once more the old faggots are piled on the hearth in the mansion of Squire De Vere. The cellar yields up its choicest wines, and the rich domains give venison to the spit, and all is glee and happiness. Carrie's countenance is lit, too, with joy as she sits by the side of the recovering invalid, in the library, where they had parted so coldly before. Her capricious fancies had vanished now. She takes his hand unreservedly in her own, and smooths his pillow with all the solicitude of a loving woman. He retains those soft white fingers and draws her lips to his own, and as swept by golden curls, her cheeks receive the kiss that seals her *all his own*, the ancestral portraits flash approval from the canvass, and even croaking uncle John sheds a tear of contentment.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Love me, Love, Forever.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Two voices, sounding through the mist
That hangs o'er Life's swift river;
One echo—unto those who list—
Says, Love me, Love, forever.

Two barques upon the placid tide,
Their white sails knit together;
They onward sail and side by side
In fair and stormy weather.

Though storms may beat and tempests roar
These barques they cannot sever;
One Pilot led them from the shore
And he will lead them ever.

Oh, fair the sounds round Ceylon's isle
But fairer far and sweeter
The Sounds that ripple all the while
To Love's enchanted metre.

They seek one part in realms afar,—
Where summer reigns forever;
And thither led, by Love's bright star
O, who their course can sever?

Two barques upon a sunny stream,
One echo on the river;
(Oh! sweet if but a fleeting dream)
Says Love me, Love, Forever.

Not all they say or do, can make
My head, or tooth, or finger ache,
Nor mar my shape, nor scar my face,
Nor put one feature out of place;
Nor will ten thousand lies
Make one less virtuous, learned or wise
The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is, to let them talk.

"Educated men often betray an unfortunate ignorance of human nature.—The most eminent men of learning have not been practical men. Bacon, Newton, Pascal, Foster and Hall were all distinguished in the world of letters, but all sadly deficient in practical knowledge of the common world."

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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6 Copies " 10.00
10 " " 15.00
50 " " (to one address,) 50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent onger than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

REV. WILLIAM STERLING, of Pennsylvania, we understand, is to deliver the Annual Address at the approaching examination of Edgeworth Female Seminary of this place. The exercises of the examination are to commence on the 24th May. The address will be Thursday night, 26th.

FICKLE AS THE WEATHER.—And who can any longer doubt the fickleness of the weather? Week before last we went to press amid the wilting of vegetation from the effects of the frost of the previous night. Last week we put our paper to press amid July heat with every window raised in the vain attempt to get one refreshing breeze. But most astonishing of all, winter has made one more desperate death struggle, and last Sabbath morn was ushered in by the gently falling snowflakes! With every window and door closed and a blazing fire upon the hearth, we pen the last lines for another issue. What the fickle weather may be before another week, none of us know.

A. LECTURE will be delivered before the "Greene Monument Association" on Friday the 22nd of April, in the Methodist Church at 7½ o'clock, by the Rev. Eli W. Caruthers, D. D. All persons are invited to attend.

SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.—The ship Boston sailed last week from Boston for Calcutta, with the following passengers as Methodist missionaries: Rev. C. W. Judd and wife, Rev. J. W. Waugh and wife, Rev. E. W. Parker and wife, Rev. J. R. Downey and wife, and Rev. J. M. Thoburn.

NEW DAILY PAPER.—We learn that the editors of the Fayetteville Carolinian contemplate changing their weekly publication into a daily one; and propose, should they meet with sufficient encouragement to issue the first number of the new paper on or about the 1st of May. This will be quite an era in the history of the town.—Success to the enterprise, say we.

THE PARAGUAY SETTLEMENT.—Later advices from Rio confirm the intelligence that the Paraguay difficulty has been pacifically settled.

CANDIDATES IN THE SIXTH DISTRICT.—A democratic District Convention was held in Winston last week, and nominated Hon. A. M. Scales for re-election to Congress.

The Whig party held a Convention at the same place on the same day, and nominated Gen. J. M. Leach, of Davidson, to oppose Mr. Scales.

G. F. COLLEGE:—We invite attention to the Commencement announcement in another place of this paper. The present collegiate year has been eminently successful and prosperous, and we have no doubt the Commencement exercises will be especially entertaining to the friends of the Institution who may attend.

UNITED IN DEATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Perry, of Lewistown, N. J., died hand-in-hand one day last week. Mr. P. died in the evening, and Mrs. P. a few hours afterward. Old age and its infirmities were the causes, he being 70 and she 72 years old. Mr. Perry was familiarly called the "Commodore," and claimed to be a near relative to the hero of Perry's victory on Lake Erie.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—The well-known firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are now engaged in publishing a remarkably cheap edition of these unapproachable works of fiction. We have received the three first volumns—Ivanhoe, Rob Roy and Guy Mannering. One novel will be published regularly on each and every coming Saturday, until the whole number of volumes—twenty-six—is completed. The low price fixed by the publishers for them are only 25 cents a volume, or the whole twenty-six volumes for five dollars. A complete set will be forwarded, *free of postage, by mail*, to any part of the United States, to any one, by the publishers, on receiving a remittance of five dollars for the twenty-six volumes: or a remittance of one dollar will pay for the first four volumes. The novels will be neatly printed, and each volume will contain about 125 pages, printed on fine white paper, and neatly bound with paper cover.

THE FIRE AT WILMINGTON, N. C.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Journal gives the following list of sufferers by the fire in that town on Wednesday:

T. C. & B. G. Worth, $6.500, in goods we believe, fully insured; J. Jenkins, of Fayetteville, who owned the old buildings, $2,000; [illegible] Fitzgerald, $1[illegible]0 in furniture; Presbyterian church, $17.000; L. F. Bunn, $5[illegible]0 in painting materials, etc.; B. W. Beery, $350 in models, ect.; S. B. Kahnweiler, $1,500 in injury to furniture, covered by insurance; J. Loeb, $1,500 damage to house next north of the church. The whole damage will not vary far from $20,000. There is a further loss to the town by the burning of the engine house. The Presbyterian church contained an organ which cost $2,500 a year ago. This church was once before, in 1819, destroyed by fire.

PRIVATE CORNER.

FRANK.—Lines accepted.....J. S. H.—Letter and enclosed of 14th to hand.....METROPOLITAN.—Thank you for your long promised favor. We hope you will find it convenient to "drop us a line" occasionally.....C. F.—The manuscripts and remittances received.....PONINGOE.—Really after such an interval, how shall we welcome you to our columna of correspondence? We prize your good opinion, and are very glad to hear from you..... IRA.—In good time for next week..... W. E. P.—Your letter to hand..... PAUL RIVINWOOD.—Our readers will be glad to know that another Bible story is on hand. It is an account of the Creation—the writer having determined to systematize his stories, by narrating in the order of TIME.....MATILDA.—Another letter to the mountains, but better than all, that private letter. You are anxious for the Portraits. They will be forthcoming in due time, all of them in the very best style. But why do you delay your part?

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE of Foreign Literature, Science and Art, now in its forty-sixth volume, published by W. H. BIDWELL, 5 Beekman st., N. Y., $5 per annum.

Mr. Rood, the Agent of this deservedly popular monthly, is now in Greensboro. We have long welcomed the Eclectic as the most valued literary journal we receive, and cordially commend it to the notice of all our readers, trusting the efforts of Mr. Rood in behalf of extending its circulation will prove as successful here as in Raleigh and Chapel Hill, where we are happy to observe a large list of prominent individuals among the subscribers. As our paper is just going to press, we have only room to add the following testimonial (selected from scores of similar ones) from Prof. Hubbard, of Chapel Hill.

"I have been a reader of the Eclectic for many years and can testify that the selections it contains are made with great skill and good taste. Those enterested in the choicest Foreign periodical literature can hardly find elsewhere so much sterling matter at so slight a cost."

F. M. HUBBARD.

University of N. C., April 10th 1859.

The friends and and admirers of the *greatest of living orators* will be pleased to learn that a most life-like portrait of Mr. EVERETT—in Sartain's best maner; will grace the new volume of the *Eclectic*, commencing in May. So that now is a most favorable opportunity to begin the subscription, and the only time to secure the *first proof* impressions of the EVERETT plate, furnished by Mr. Rood to new subscribers.

Rarey, the horse-tamer, is giving lessons in St. Petersburg.

STATE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The Wilmington Herald very justly prefaces the announcement of the State Educational Association with the following language:

It will be seen by the notice published below that the Educational State Convention will assemble in Newbern on Tuesday the 14th of June next.

We think the Committee has made a good selection of time and place. They have made this selection after some reflection, and after hearing from many of the friends of education in various parts of the State.

We trust that all the educational interests of the State will be fully represented; that the Common School Teachers, the Chairman, the Superintendants, the Committee-men, the Teachers in high schools and academies, and the Professors and Presidents of Colleges will make it convenient to attend. We hope also to see the friends of education generally in every department of life, represented in the Convention. There is no higher, no more important human cause than that of education. North Carolina is just now, and has been for several years past, making giant strides in this noble cause. One of the most effective aids in this progress is to be found in the State Educational Association. Let this Association be cherished and sustained; and let those especially who are engaged in the cause of education direct their attention and their energies in this direction.

A STRANGER SWINDLED.—North Carolina is proverbially honest, and it creates within them credulity in the words and honesty of others. Hence they are so often swindled. The Baltimore Sun of the 15th gives the latest take in: "Yesterday morning a gentleman from North Carolina reached this city and stopped at the Fountain Hotel. He intended to take the boat for Norfolk in the afternoon, and while sitting in the hall waiting for the time to go to the wharf, he was approached by a party who engaged in conversation with him. The intruder said he was from Alabama, and was also going down in the Norfolk boat. After talking for some time, the stranger was invited to accompany h's new acquaintance to the office of the latter at the corner of Baltimore and South streets. It was then more than half an hour before the time to go to the wharf, and they started for the office. They had not proceeded many steps down Baltimore street when a third party approached, and touching the pretended Alabamian on the shoulder, told him that he had disappointed him, whereupon the latter apologized, and said he had plenty of money at his office, but asked the North Carolinian for the loan of $60 until they got to the office, and he would return it. The money was handed to him, the apparent creditor was satisfied, and the two friends walked down Baltimore street to the door of the Colvin Building. The gentleman from North Carolina waited at the door for some time, but his new acquaintance had passed out at the South street door and disappeared.—Marshal Herring was informed of the swindle, but it was too late, the money had gone and the man with it."

MEETING OF THE STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The North Carolina State Medical Society will meet at Statesville on the 10th of May, being its 10th annual meeting. Statesville can now be reached by Railroad, and from what we knew of its population and the hospitable kindness of the people of Iredell generally, we think we can safely promise all members of the profession who attend the annual meeting a good time.

STEAMER CITY OF NORFOLK.—This steamer of the Savannah line, under the command of Captain Parker, has just been thoroughly overhauled and repainted, preparatory to going on her route for the summer season. Her cabin and saloons have been neatly painted, and the whole upholstery work renewed, giving a neat and cheerful appearance. She is said to be a fine sea boat, and under the management of her gentlemanly commander, will prove a pleasant mode of travel to the south.

DAMAGES AWARDED.—At the time the Forest divorce case was pending, N. P. Willis, then one of the editors of the Home Journal, indulged in some severe strictures concerning the great tragedian, who subsequently instituted a suit for libel, claiming heavy damages. The case came on for trial a few days ago, and the jury in New York, gave a verdict of $500 for the plantiff.

NEW MUSIC:—Alne Deane, dedicated to Grace Millwood, words and music by J. E. Boswell, and published by Geo. Willig, Jr. Baltimore, is a beautiful song received by us last week.

THE DANVILLE CONNECTION.—George D. Boyd, Esq., of Rockingham county, in reply to inquiries as to the nature of the charter granted by the late Legislature for a railroad from the coalfields in Rockingham to Danville, Va., replies as follows:

"The charter has but one limitation, and that is, the road must not run within twenty miles of the North Carolina Road. The company can so locate the Road as to run from Danville in the direction of Greensboro', and make some twenty-five or thirty miles of road, and when getting within twenty miles of the North Carolina Road, stop and wait until the meeting of the next General Assembly, and apply to have the charter amended so as to complete the road to Greensboro', or if the company do not choose to wait so long, the road can be run to Leaksville, or by way of Madison to Germanton and connect with a road already organized, from Germanton by way of Salem to High Point, on the North Carolina Road. That there is abundance of coal all along the valley of the Dan, no one in this section of country doubts; the only question is the most favorable point. The company is not restricted as to the time when the Coalfields shall be reached.

"That the road will be built, there is not a shadow of doubt; the only question is, how soon we can get to work. I will add, in conclusion, let every friend of the road march up to the enterprise, subscribe liberally, organize the Company and go to work."

Col. W. W. Seaton one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, with a few of his friends, on Wednsday night last celebrated his golden wedding, having been married fifty years, for about which time he has been connected with the Intelligencer.

DIED,

Suddenly, at Jarratt's Hotel, Petersburg, Va., April 13th, A. T. Gorrell, of this place. Aged about 36 years.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 8.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	15.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	25.00	36.00
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Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....$5.00

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—**Porter & Gorrell,** Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—The Annual Sermon to the Senior Class will be delivered by Rev. L. L. Hendren of the N. C. Conference, on *Wednesday*, May 18th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Concert will commence at 8 o'clock, P. M. On *Thursday*, 19th, at 10, A. M., Hon. E. G. Reade of Roxboro, will address the two Literary Societies

The Graduating Exercises will occupy the remainder of the day.

The Trustees will meet in their Session-room on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

16—4w. T. M. JONES, *President.*

Physicians use the Wild Cherry.

EXETER, ME., Sept. 30.

This certifies that I have recommended the use of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* for diseases of the Lungs, for two years past, and many bottles, to my knowledge, have been used by my patients, all with beneficial results. In two cases, where it was thought confirmed Consumption had taken place, the *Wild Cherry* effected a cure.

E. BOYDEN,
Physician at Exeter Corner.

DR. FRELEIGH, of Saugerties, N. Y., says he cured Liver Complaint of four years standing, that would not yield to the usual remedies.

ABRAHAM SKILLMAN, M. D., of Boundbrook, N. J., says it is the best medicine for Consumption in every stage, that he has ever known.

None genuine unless signed I. Butts on the wrapper.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
and

For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, April 20.
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 20@25, Adamantine 28@33, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16⅔, crushed 16⅔, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, April, 18th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$7.75	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35
Extra.....	7.00	*Beeswax*,.....	32
Superfine..	6 25	*Dried Apples*, ? bu, of 28lbs...	1.75a2.00
Corn, Mixed & W.	83a84	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ? bu.....	5.00a5.25
Yellow.....	86a87	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8½a9
Wheat, White	140a160	do. Sides	10½a10¾
Red.....	130a150	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	11 12
Cotton,.....	11½12	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	28a29
Peas, Black Eye	1.30	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	90	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	13½	do bbl.	28
do do 2....	13		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

RICHMOND MARKET.—April, 18, 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	8a8½	*Corn*, in demand	90a95
Sides,.....	10a11	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams, ...	12a12½	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	13a13¾	*Flour*, ...	$6¼a7
Java,.....	17	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide, ...	45
Molasses,, Cuba..	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3¾a5¾
Syrup.....	28a30	Good, ...	6a7½
N. O..	40a45	Leaf,.....	7a9
Wheat, White,	165a175	Good and fine,..	9a13
Red, ...	1.55a165		

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105–tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1–1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care.
111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53–1y.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State:

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill,
New Court House Committee, Yanceyville Caswell County.
R. L. TUCKER, } Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, } do
W. C. HARRISON, } do
W. S Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others,

All Letters on Business addressed Box 196 Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. 155:1

VISITING CARDS,
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39–1y.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Oranage; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.

☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by
W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

A MOST TEMPTING OFFER DECLINED.—Another very powerful effort has been made by the New Yorkers to procure the services of one of Virginia's most distinguished young divines. We understand from authority entitled to the fullest credit, that the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., pastor of the Fifth Street Presbyterian Church, Richmond, has been tendered the pastorate of the First Dutch Reformed Church, Brooklyn, New York, the pulpit of which has recently been made vacant by the resignation of the Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D. As a very strong inducement to Mr. H., we learn that a salary, of $8000 per annum was offered, with the free use of a parsonage, the annual rent of which is $2000 a year and furnished at an expense of 15,000.—The gilded bait failed to attract, however, as Dr. Hoge very promptly declined the tempting offer. The Rev. Moses D., is a brother of Dr. Wm. J. Hoge, who has recently accepted a call to the assistant pastorship of Rev. Dr. Spring's Presbyterian Church, New York.—*Pet. Express.*

DAVIDSON COLLEGE AND THE CHARLOTTE MILITARY INSTITUTE.—We learn that Major D. H. Hill, Professor of Mathematics in Davidson College, has tendered his resignation to the Board of Trustees. Those desirous of securing the vacant Professorship can send their names either to Dr. Lacy at Davidson College, Dr. E. Nye Hutchison at Charlotte, or the Rev. W. W. Pharr at statesville.

Professor Hill resigns for the purpose of taking charge of the Military Institute at this place. He will be assisted by a corps of competent instructors, of which notice will be given in a short time.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

FEARFUL MARITIME DRAMA.—*Massacre of 300 Men.* The Courrier des Etats Unis gives a long statement of the loss of the ship St. Paul, and the massacre of three hundred and thirty persons on board, both sailors and passengers. The news was received by the last European mails. The ship was owned by Marzion & Co., of Havre, and she was wrecked on the passage from China to Australia, with a load of Chinese emigrants.

The wreck took place near an island of the Louisiade Archipelago, on the 11th of September, but the passengers escaped from this peril, and an English vessel was hailed. It was too small to carry away all the unfortunates, and three hundred and thirty were left till word was taken to Sydney and another vessel sent to their relief. This relief expedition arrived at the place in December or January, and found that of the three hundred and thirty individuals, but one—a Chinaman—had been saved, all the others having been massacred by the savages, and in the most frightful tortures.

SCARCITY OF FOOD IN INDIANA.—The Evansville (Ind.) Enquirer says there is quite a scarcity of grain and provisions in several counties of that State. Horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are lying dead in the fence corners of almost every farm, and are daily dying of famine. The people, also, are suffering, especially in Clay county, where many persons are glad to furnish cordwood, cut and pile it for forty cents a cord, and take pay in provisions or grain, to enable them to live until next season.

METHODISTS EXPELLED FROM TEXAS.—The Texas papers give particulars of the proceedings of several meetings recently held in Fannin county, for the purpose of taking measures to expel the members of the Methodist church North, who are accused of being abolitionists. At one meeting a committee of fifty was appointed to wait on Bishop Jayne with a warning. They performed their duty on a Sunday, while the bishop was engaged in the morning service in the church. It was also resolved that the Methodist church North could not be tolerated in Texas, and that it must be put down if necessary. A committee was appointed to draft other resolutions, to be acted upon at an adjourned meeting.

FURTHER FROM PARAGUAY.—*The Treaty Signed.*—Advices from Buenos Ayres to the 21st of February have reached New York. A letter to the Herald states that a treaty was signed between Paraguay and the United States on the 9th of February. Orders from Com. Shubrick had been received to detain all vessels of war at Buenos Ayres until he arrived, which would be before the end of February.

DEATH OF AN EX-SENATOR.—Hon. George M. Bibb died at his residence in Georgetown on Thursday. He was a long time United States Senator from the State of Kentucky and chancellor of that State, and subsequently filled the office of Secretary of the Treasury in the administration of President Tyler. He died of pneumonia. He was 82 years of age.

They have a rose grafted on a peach tree at Pendleton, S. C., and the tree being in full bloom, presents a beautiful appearance.

Business Cards.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-1y

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 164—tf.

HODGES BROTHERS,
23 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
(*White Iron Front Warehouse.*)

Importers of Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Crapes, Laces, and a numerous variety of other articles, and wholesale dealers in American Fancy Goods and Notions.
Our warehouse, which we built expressly for our own use, contains six floors, each 30 × 160 feet, and the large stock and extensive assortment which we keep, require its entire occupancy. No house in any of the Northern Cities, jobbing goods to the country, can present the same combined advantages to the country merchant, as our stock is not only large, but obtained upon conditions which will defy competiton.
We contract with the Manufacturers for all the American articles we sell, and send a buyer to Europe regularly twice a year, to select our Foreign goods. We are enabled thereby to offer great advantages in prices, as well as to get up a stock at all times replete with the newest and most desirable goods.
Merchants in good credit are invited to examine our stock when they next visit Baltimore, and they will promote their own interest by doing so.
Orders by mail carefully executed when accompanied by satisfactory references.
Feb. 1859. 6-3m

SPRING IMPORTATION 1859.
ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
RIBBONS, MILLINERY,
SILK GOODS, FLOWERS, RUCHE, FLATS,
—AND—
Straw Bonnetts,
No. 237 Baltimore Street,
BETWEEN CHARLES AND HANOVER STS.
BALTIMORE.
Offer a Stock unequaled in the United States in variety, extent and cheapness.
(5::3m pd.)

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.
The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**
His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.
The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.
An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge
By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.
Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.
JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

GEORGE HOSLER, BARBER, has moved his room from the Brittian House, into Messrs. Garrett's Brick building, first floor, room formerly occupied by Messrs. Scott & Gorrell. He respectfully solicits the patronage of the Gentlemen of Greensboro.
Prices, Shaving twice a week 75c per month.
" three times " $1.
Cutting Hair 20c
Shampooning 25c
Show your appreciation of a good Barber.
13-tf.

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.
FACULTY.
Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.
S. Lander, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.
Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music,
W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.
Mrs. Lucy Jones, Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Department
Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.
Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.
S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.
Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.
Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1; French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.
The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.
The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue: summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.
Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.
For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE
Announcement of Lectures.
The fifth Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in May next, and continue four Months—
Faculty.
Alexander Means, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Pharmacy.
H. W. Brown, M. D., Prof. of Anatomy.
John W. Jones, M. D., Prof. of Practice of Medicine and General Pathology.
W. F. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery.
T. S. Powell, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics.
J. P. Logan, M. D., Prof. of Physiology and Diseases of Women and Children.
J. G. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence.
Practical Anatomy under the immediate direction of the Professor of Anatomy.
The Dissecting Room, supplied with good material will be open by the 15th of April.
FEES.

For the Course of Lectures	$105.
Matriculation (only once)	5.
Dissecting ticket (required only once)	10.
Graduation	25.

Good board can be had at $3. to $4. per week.
For further information address
J. G. WESTMORELAND, *Dean.*
Atlanta Ga. March 10. 1859 (11:2m:pd)

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.
The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire places, fuel, &c., $6 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.
☞ 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guarantied to such.
For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

Good Times Come at Last.
THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.
These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.
Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.
Spring, 1859.
Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS. A PHYSICIAN'S SITUATION is for SALE, with real estate, in a pleasant village, among the mountains of Va. The purchaser will be introduced to a practice which pays from, **$2000 to $2,500** a year and constantly increasing. Good Society and good Schools. An excellent location for a regular Physician.
Enquire of the Editor of this paper. 15::tf.

J. & F. GARRETT
WILL PAY FOR GOOD WHITE WHEAT, **$1,05** per bushel; and for RED WHEAT, from **95** cents to **$1.00.**
March 10th.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 15th, 1851.

C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851.
All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same.
He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums, in Boston, New York and Baltimore.
Warerooms, No. 772 ARCH street, below Eighth, South side, Philadelphia. 2:6m;eow

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.
Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.
All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.
J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.
He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.
☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

LOOK AT THIS!
WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods.** Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.
We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.
We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.
COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Those who are indebted to the estate of E. W. OGBURN, deceased, must call and pay. All who do not attend to this notice, will hear from me about May Court. I cannot meet the demands against the estate until I have means in hand. I shall proceed to discharge my duty without respect to persons.
JED H. LINDSAY, *Admr.*,
E. W. OGBURN.

MY WARD WILL ARRIVE AT full age on the 26th instant. Those who are indebted to me as Guardian must pay or arrange at once. JED. H. LINDSAY,
March 10. (10::6w.)

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!
WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.
For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12::6m.

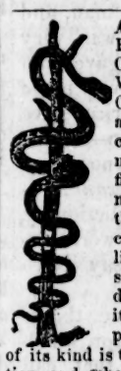
ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES **low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of *SHOES and BOOTS* constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

NOTICE.—Having retired from the *Watch* and *Jewelry* Business in *Greensboro* N. C. on account of ill health; I recommend to my customers Mr. G. L. MEENLEY, (Formerly of Messrs T. B. Humphreys & Son, of Richmond Va.) who is a *good workman*, hoping he may get the Patronage of my friends and Customers in general.
(13-tf) E. F. POWELL.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.
DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.
DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.
DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skilful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.
☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.
Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
For the rapid cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption, is universally, known as the best remedy ever yet discovered for every variety of Pulmonary disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate disease of the lungs by its use. When once tried its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incedent to our climate. By its timely use many, nay almost any attacks of disease upon the Lungs or throat, are arrested and thus are saved many thousands every year from a premature grave. No family should be without it, and those who do neglect to provide themselves with a remedy which wards off this dangerous class of diseases will have cause to deplore it when it is too late. Proofs of the surprizing efficacy of the Cherry Pectoral need not be given to the American people, they have living proofs in every neighborhood. But those who wish to read the statements of those whose whole health has been restored and whose lives have been saved by its use, will find them in my American Almanac which the agent below named has to furnish gratis for every one.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro; Williams & Haywood, Raleigh; S. J. Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Laud & Co., Richmond and all druggists. 7:2m

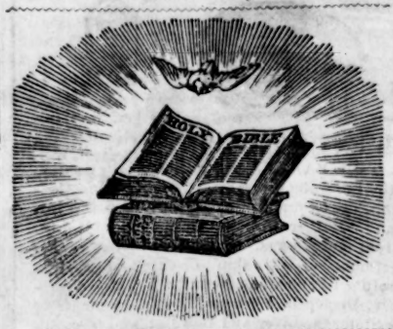
PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.
The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education
It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.
Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)
FIVE COPIES, or more ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum
Additional copies at the same rate.
Single copy..... $2.00
All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.
Journal and Times,.....$3
The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.
☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

NEGRO SALE.—In obedience to an order of Court made at February Term last, I shall, as Commissioner, offer for sale to the highest bidder at the Court House door in the town of Greensborugh, on the 26th day of April 1859, (being Tuesday of Guilford Superior Court) a likely NEGRO MAN about the age of Twenty one years.
A credit of six months will be given.
JOHN. L. COLE Com.
March 24th 1859

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE YOUNG NERO— OR THE LITTLE TYRANT.

My Young Friends:—As most young people like to hear or read about things that occurred before they were born, I am going to tell you a story about the "olden-time."

A long, lang time ago, there was a waman named Agrippina. Her husband's name was Claudius. He was the Ruler of the Roman Empire and they called him Emperor. Agrippina, his wife was a very wicked woman.—She was so wicked and cruel as to cause the death of her husband by giving him poison, because she wanted her son Nero to be made Emperor. She had another son whos name was Britannicus, but she seemed to think more of Nero, than she did of his brother, and so she indulged him in his bad conduct until he became a very bad boy.

After Nero grew to be a man, and was made Emperor, he too was very cruel, so that the people gave him another name; but not a lovely name like that the people of America gave our own good Washington—"The Father of his Country"—oh no; they called Nero "*The bloody Tyrant!*"—Now if you will look in the dictionary and see the meaning of the word tyrant, I think you will all say Nero had a very bad name.

I will now tell you of some things Nero did, while he was Emperor, which made the people give him that bad name, and I have no doubt you will think he deserved to be called the Bloody Tyrant.

In the first place, Nero was a very undutiful son, for he hated his mother, and often quarreled with her. He became jealous too of his brother, Britannicus, for he was afraid his brother would take his Mother's part (as children sometimes say) and cause the people to rise, and take away his power as Emperor, so he determined his brother should be killed, to get him out of his way. Nero then deceived his mother and brother, by pretending to be very friendly with them. He made a great feast, and invited his brother to it, but while they were eating and drinking, Britannicus fell down from the table, dead! Nero, his cruel brother, had caused poison to be put into the cup of wine which was given to his brother, so you see, Nero murdered his brother! Was not that a dreadful thing?

But this Bloody Tyrant did not stop at that, for it was not long before he caused the death of his own mother, and many others. These however were not all the cruel things he did.—While he was Emperor, the city of Rome was set on fire, and many beautiful and valuable things were destroyed, and many poor people were left without a home. While the city was burning, Nero went up to the top of a high Tower and played on his lyre and sang a song, to show that he was glad the City was burning, although he knew it would cause a great deal of distress among the poor inhabitants.

But all this did not satisfy his bloodthirsty cruelty. After the City was burnt, he said it had been set on fire by the christians, and he told his soldiers to kill them, and in obedience to his command, they murdered, in a shocking manner, thousands of men, women and helpless children!

They crucified some, bound others with strong cords and threw them to hungry wild beasts, and they covered some with pitch, set it on fire and burnt them! After all this shocking and terrible cruelty, Nero then killed himself.

Now children, don't you think Nero was indeed a bloody Tyrant. I know you do, and if I should ask you if *you* would wish to be like him, no doubt you would all say "no!" Well then you must not *start wrong*, you must not be little tyrants now while you are young. I have seen many children who were little tyrants, and no doubt, with the same hearts, if they would be great tyrants.

Now let me tell you about such a boy-tyrant I saw a few days ago at a Rail Road Depot. While I was waiting for the cars to arrive, I was delighted to see two little girls playing, across the street, very pleasantly, together. They had a little wagon and one was drawing it along very carefully while the youngest was riding. After a while their brother, a boy much older and larger, than they, came up. He said, in a very surly manner, "*Get out o' my wagon.*" Before his little sister could do so, he ran up and pushed her and the wagon over, side ways, down the hill. The little child was hurt very much by the fall, so of course she cried very loud. The bad boy bawled out to her to "stop crying," and because she did not obey him at ance, he struck her twice in the face with his fist and as she ran away from him, the hard-hearted and cruel boy lashed her round the ankles with a large whip, which he had in his hand. It was all done so quick I could not get to them in time to stop him, before he had treated her so cruelly. After he had driven his sisters away, he walked off with a lofty step, as though he had done something to be proud of. He left the wagon just where it tumbled over, thus showing that it was nothing but the prompting of a *cruel heart* that made him treat his sister in such a manner. "Ah," thought I, "there's a young Nero." Yes he was a *young tyrant* and if he was a man, and had the power Nero had he would be a *bloody tyrant.*

I hope my little readers never will treat their little brothers, sisters or playmates or even the little servants, in such a cruel manner just because they are stronger and have the power. Remember, the hymn says

"God watches all our ways"

and He takes notice of the conduct of children too. Try to cultivate a kind, loving disposition, for to be kind and loving is to be like Jesus, and you know He was kind even to little children.

Now here is a very touching and beautiful incident I wish you to read:

A little boy had died. His body was laid in a darkened room, waiting to be laid away in the lone cold grave.

His afflicted mother and breaved little sister went to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping little boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affliction and love, and said, "Mother, this little hand never struck me!" What could be more touching and loving?

Young readers, have you been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory?

Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold and bloodless, and say—"This hand never struck me?"

What an alleviation to our grief when we are called to part with friends, to be able to recollect only words and actions of mutual kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and haw scalding the tears of remorse of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, towards whom he had manifested unkindness! Let us all remember whatsoever we sow, in this respect, that we shall also reap.

A sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possession—Shrouds have no pockets.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It in a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

FLOWERS THAT NEVER FADE.—We were once by the deathbed of an estimable Christian lady of this city, to whom a friend brought a bunch of beautiful flowers. The sufferer looked at them attentively for a time, inhaled their sweet breath once or twice, and then, smiling, said, "O! if these be so sweet, what shall I think, a day, or two hence, of the flowers that never fade!"

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

DOMESTIC WINES.—The rapid progress which vine culture is making in this country, is one of the best guarantees against the serious evils of intemperance, and this progress cannot fail, ere long, to give cheap wines. American champagne is gradually obtaining the reputation of being the reputation of being the purest effervescing wine in the world, and if, as Mr. Longworth says, we have five thousand varieties of native grapes—all of them free from the oidum, or grape disease, which is spreading over every corner of Europe—it will be seen that the West has in reserve an enormous field of productiveness to fall back on, as population grows dense, and profitable investment for capital is required.

There is an absurd idea prevalent that wine cannot be profitably raised in this country; that labour is too dear, and European opposition too great. On the contrary, wine raising is at this instant the most profitable branch of agriculture in America. It will pay from one to three hundred dollars an acre, yielding a higher profit on capital, skill, and labour invested, than any other planting.

The wines which can be most easily raised are, like those of Germany, light and very innocuous. We often hear it said that there is no drunkenness in France, but drunkenness is even rare among the wine drinking Germans of the Rhine. Liebig, the great chemist, declares that these people, far from being injured by their wine, owe to it the health for which they are so famous, there being no place in the world where there is so little demand for apothecaries' wares. But the reader will recollect that these wines are very different from those of other nations, being no more intoxicating to those familiar with them than common claret. When attention is more generally devoted to wine culture, we shall probably see wine as cheap here as cider, and strychnine whiskey and fighting brandy at a discount. Excessive use of ardent spirits is a great cause of national suffering, anything which will do away with, or modify it, can hardly fail to be regarded as a blessing.—*Petersburg Express.*

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.—We have never heard the advocates of "strong meat" for children answer Nature's argument. Before a child has teeth it certainly ought to have nothing but fluid food. We once knew a most estimable lady, who persisted in a plan pursued, perhaps, by her great-grandmother, of feeding her infants with the fat of a bacon ham—the real green, semi transparent fat of old hams—finely chopped, and mixed with rich egg-bread. Of course they all died young. Why should a child receive food which needs mastication before it has molar teeth? or meat before it develops its eye-teeth and stomach-teeth—corresponding to canine teeth in carnivorous animals? Listen to nature's hints: give infants milk only.

By the way, the Journal of Health gives an amusing and no less surprising item touching the quantity of milk one of these sweet little responsibilities will consume:

"A hearty infant will swallow, during the first year of its life, fourteen hundred pounds of milk, in which are twenty-one pounds of cheese, thirty pounds of butter, and a hundred and twelve pounds of sugar. At six cents a quart, with the necessary sweetening, each dear little creature costs, for food alone, fifty dollars for the first year." Verily, dairy men ought to wish well to the little fellows.—*Home Circle.*

TO CLEAN FLOORS AND ERASE GREASE SPOTS.—To a pailful of hot soap suds, take three table-spoonsful of spirits of turpentine, and you will have a clean floor.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—This plant has so well established its value, that no one who has a cow or a hog to feed can be without a small crop of it, even if he does not care to make syrup and sugar. For hogs it is invaluable, being fit for use when the heat and drought has dried up the grass, and when it is desirable they should be abundantly supplied with food. In point of economy, there is no source of supply to compare with the *Sorghum.* It is equally valuable either as summer or winter food for cows. The seed should not be planted before the middle of May, and we only remind you of it, that in your allotment of crops, you may make provision for it.

TOMATOES.—For a general supply may now be sown. Plant out those previously transplanted three feet each way, except where they are needed for other purposes such as training on fences or bordering walks.

Study to make every leisure hour useful.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make he best Fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

ANS. To Puzzle of last week.—Lay off a square with cross lines, 5 equidistant lines each way.

PUZZLE.—Required to plant 10 trees in 5 straight rows with 4 trees in each row. Solution next week.

A man, many years ago stepped one day into a school house and heard a teacher putting out words to spell—when he heard him give out, "Mel-an cho-ly."

One day a teacher was giving out the Abbreviations, and came to S. T. P. It went down through a long class, and none could answer it. A tall gawkey at the foot, saw it coming, and got out in front ready to go, and when it came to him, bawled out, "Stackpole," and started for the head.

A MISNOMER.—There was strife in a congregation about the location of a new church, and a good old lady said that the upper part of the congregation *conquered,* and so named it Concord.

WHIPPING TO GOOD PURPOSE.—Two men were riding on horseback in the west in severe cold weather, and it was long since they had passed any house. One said he was so cold and numb, he could not ride any farther. Both descended to the ground, when the other applied his whip to the chilled one, and immediately started to run around a very large tree, and the enraged man after him. After a few times round, he became sufficiently warm to mount his horse and ride on.—A *friendly* whipping perhaps saved his life.

One day a man by the name of "man," met a maniac, who inquired "who are you?"

He replied, "I am a double man, I am a man, and my name is man;" to which the maniac replied, "well I am a double man too, for I am a man beside myself, and we two, will fight you two," and immediately knocked him down.

A farmer and his son Hans having been to market in the next town, and disposed of their load of potatoes, and got ready to start home. The farmer laid himself down and commenced sleeping while Hans drove the wagon.

Soon Hans commenced thinking about the baked peas and pork his mother had promised to keep him until his return, smacked his lips and drove the horses faster.

The old man lifted himself upon his elbow and exclaimed:

"Hans, don't drive them horses so fast. They had a good, full load this morning," and laid himself down and snoozed again.

A little time the horses were driven slower; then again Hans thought of the pork and peas, and imagining that the old man was asleep, he whipped up the horses at full speed.

The old man set up in the wagon a second time and exclaimed:

"Hans how many times do you want me to tell you not to drive them horses so fast? Oh, boy, if I would have done so with my father."

"A strange father you must have had," replied Hans.

"What!" cried the father, "boy, I had a great deal better than ever you had."

Never defend an error because you once thought it to be the truth.

Seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate.

If a genuine Yankee were to meet death on the pale horse, he would banter him to swap horses.

"Round, sir?" said the sailor, in reference to the shape of the world, "I've been all over it, and it's as flat as a pancake."

"Good morning Smith, you look sleepy." "Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night." "Up where?" "Up stairs in bed."

A strange genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear, that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

Jones was passing up Broadway one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been frozen to death, lying in the gutter. Jones paused, gazed silently at the defunct animal, and at last said:

"Here's another shipreck."

"Shipreck!" where? asked his friend.

"There, for don't you see there's a bark that's lost forever?"

An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as "the glowing gateways of beans, pork, sourkrout, potatoes and molasses."

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS,** 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Seeley, Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

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March, 1859. 13—1y.

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